

From The North American Medico-Chirurgical Review.  
ON THE INFLUENCE OF ELECTRICAL  
FLUCTUATIONS AS A CAUSE OF DIS-  
EASE.

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THE immediate occasion of the present Paper—which in much both of form and substance has already been made public—was information from the late editor of the Medical Examiner, that he had received from Mr. Craig, of Ayr, in Scotland, a letter alluding to an article published by me in that Journal, expressing his concurrence in the views which it contained, and referring to an accompanying pamphlet, in which his own opinions were more fully detailed. His communication furnished opportunity and pretext for bringing the whole matter before the Society; and I have condensed my several papers into one, thinking that my humble essay, thus supported, would be better received, and more thoroughly considered, than it was likely to be under other circumstances. What I have thought and written may not produce in other minds the conviction which has been wrought in mine; but an independent observer, regarding the subject from a different position, may supply facts and reasoning which I have omitted, and thus give to it greater interest and authority. I have not yet read the pamphlet alluded to, and am entirely unacquainted, therefore, with the ground it covers, or the argument which it contains; but the gentleman to whom it was addressed, will, before our adjournment, either read the whole, or such extracts from it, as may be necessary to place it fully before the Society.

In no department of medicine is there more crude and unfounded theory than in that which treats of the etiology of disease. Theories framed in the infancy of science, and transmitted unquestioned from one generation to another, are still blindly adopted and implicitly followed; though their inconsistency with facts of daily occurrence, can hardly have escaped the observation of the intelligent and reflecting. The opinions generally prevalent on this subject are,

indeed, hardly creditable to us as members of a learned profession, because they prove that we have not been guided in our reasoning by sound principles of philosophy. It is a maxim in science to assign no more causes than may be necessary to produce the effect; but we have disregarded this obvious restriction in a department of knowledge where it should have been more especially observed, and instead of taking a comprehensive survey of the action of morbid agents on the human system as a whole, have limited our attention too exclusively to the various pathological results, and needlessly invented a different cause for almost every aberration from the healthy state. Simplicity is found to be an attribute of the Almighty in all the operations of His hand; we are amazed at the number and diversity of the effects produced by the combinations of a few simple elements; and have reason to believe that as our knowledge increases, this characteristic will be still more apparent. Why should not the same be true also of the animal economy? It is a complex and intricate organism, composed of many different tissues, but all subjected to the control of a central power—the brain,—from any change in the action of which, innumerable deviations from a normal condition might, *a priori*, be anticipated. How much more philosophical then, to recognize a single principle capable of producing such change, than unnecessarily to multiply causes, and invoke the interposition of as many agencies as there are diseases in the nosology! We have imaginary miasms,—many of them supposed to be cotemporary in their existence,—for the several exanthemata, for influenza, for cholera, for dysentery, for each of many different kinds of fever, for hooping-cough, parotitis, &c. &c. In accounting for the phlegmasia, it is true, we are contented to veil our ignorance and flatter our vanity, under the convenient and comprehensive phrase of “taking cold;” an expression, however, to which we attach no definite ideas, and which, in its literal sense, the commonest observation shows to be incorrect.

An etiology so manifold cannot be true;

and if the abnormal manifestations may, in very many cases, be more satisfactorily explained through the instrumentality of a single principle, it must be abandoned.

The analogy existing between the nervous force and electricity, first observed by Galvani, has been abundantly demonstrated by Dr. Philip, Majendie, and other physiologists, in their experiments on animals. Their actual identity, indeed, has been rendered not improbable; for nervous communication having been interrupted, the processes of digestion, respiration, and circulation are, for a time, performed as usual under the influence of electricity. It was, moreover, soon ascertained to have the power of exciting muscular contraction in bodies recently dead; while its remedial agency in certain complaints, especially those of a neuralgic character, has long been known; and with these facts to provoke and guide inquiry, it is surprising that the possible pathological consequences resulting from its deficiency in the atmosphere, or its rapid abstraction from the system, have not been more generally suspected and investigated. The arguments adduced by some physiologists to disprove its identity with the nervous force, and to establish instead, a state of correlation, are far from being conclusive; and even if this were admitted, it would not militate against the view I propose, which only requires such an affinity, or relation, that one shall be influenced by changes in the quantity of the other. Caloric, light, and electricity, are now regarded as probable modifications of the same element, and there is no reason why, under another modification, that element should not constitute the *vis nervosa* also. A strong presumption of their substantial sameness, is afforded by the existence of several species of fishes with electrical organs; the action of which is dependent upon their connection with nervous centres, varies in intensity with the extent of that connection and the health of the animal, is under the control of the will, and by a continual series of discharges is capable of exhausting the nervous energy to a degree sufficient, in some cases, to occasion death.

The electrical fluid is the grand agent in the production of many of the phenomena of nature. In her inorganic domain it is the probable cause of all chemical change, while in the vegetable kingdom it performs still

more important functions; not only producing, in conjunction with its kindred agencies of light and heat, conditions favorable to the germination and growth of plants, but quickening them into life, and thus becoming the efficient cause of their development. Its intense and rapid passage—as in the lightning stroke—immediately kills the largest tree, and a very small shock sent through certain plants, will speedily cause their leaves to droop, and as certainly, though more slowly, extinguish their vitality. The approach of an electrified conductor to the *mimosa pudica*, or sensitive plant, produces no sensible effect, but if sparks be taken from it, the leaflets will shrink and close, as they do from mechanical contact. Its more steady and quiet operation is equally remarkable. An electrical circle has been formed by wires running under the beds of a garden, and the result has been greater vigor and rapidity of growth in the plants which they contained. It evidently performs the part of a general stimulant; which, when in moderate quantity, is salutary in its effect on vegetable life. May not the folding of the leaves of certain plants, as the *mimosa*, *trifolium repens*, &c., at the approach of evening, be owing to the abstraction of electricity which takes place at that time from the increased conducting power of the air?

A fluid so analogous to the nervous force, so subtle, fluctuating, and so universally diffused, might, *a priori*, be supposed to exert a very manifest influence over the higher organization of the animal economy. Its presence in a certain degree, seems indeed to be necessary for the healthy performance of all the functions. The conducting power of the nerves has been shown by the physiological experiments alluded to, and the anatomical structure of the brain, with all the phenomena of nervous function and action, would naturally lead us to regard the whole nervous system as an apparatus, through the medium of which, electricity, modified and restrained by certain laws, is made subservient to the purposes of existence. In other words, as a vital electrical machine, by means of which that fluid is both separated and distributed in accordance with the wants of animal life. What we should thus suppose is found to be true in fact; electricity when present in excess, exciting the functions and exalting vitality,

while a contrary effect is produced by its subtraction or deficiency. In a state of health and mature existence, when all the functions are vigorously performed, and the power of resisting noxious agencies is greatest, the disturbing influence of such fluctuations is comparatively slight; but under other circumstances they become a frequent and potential cause of disease. We have all experienced the feeling of energy and elasticity which is imparted by what we call bracing weather, when the air is clear, dry, and cold; and more strongly still, the sensations of chilliness and discomfort, when the atmosphere, loaded with moisture, has acquired an active conducting power, and its injurious operation is further increased by the agency of cold; which, under such circumstances, has a depressing, instead of a stimulating effect. The nervous system of some susceptible individuals is thrown into commotion by an approaching storm; and I have a patient, for many years the victim of an annual catarrh, whose sufferings were always greatly aggravated by the occurrence of thunder at any time during the paroxysm. Rheumatic, neuralgic, and paralytic persons, and those who have recently suffered from sprained or fractured limbs, can predict with unerring certainty, an impending atmospheric change; \* and the evening exacerbations which we observe in fever and other complaints are owing to the same cause: the system in its disturbed or debilitated condition being unable to bear, without suffering, electrical changes which would have little or no perceptible influence in a state of health. The pain of rheumatism, neuralgia, and the uncomfortable sensations accompanying catarrh, are in like manner, and for the same reason, all aggravated by the approach of evening.

It is these changes, moreover, consequent upon the withdrawal of the sun's rays, by which the dew is precipitated, and the conducting power of the air increased, which render exposure at this time so dangerous in certain districts of country, in the early autumnal months; and not as has been supposed, the greater prevalence on such occasions of miasmatic exhalations. At a later

\* It is worthy of remark that these effects are chiefly produced in the elemental changes which precede a storm; when the snow or rain begins to fall, the electrical equilibrium is restored, and, if the vascular system has not become involved, neuralgic pains and uncomfortable sensations subside.

period of the evening, when the dew has actually fallen, the atmosphere being drier, is less penetrating, and exposure, consequently, less injurious. The early morning air, though charged with the ascending dew, is less deleterious, because, among other reasons, it acts upon a body in some measure invigorated and refreshed by sleep; but its influence, in debilitated states of the system more particularly, is nevertheless prejudicial; and hence the recommendation to avoid exposure on an empty stomach, the prescription of bitters, &c., which act by imparting temporary energy to the frame. The extreme sensibility to electrical fluctuations, of the affections which are purely nervous, is a subject of common observation. Every physician must have observed the greater frequency of asthmatic attacks before a change of weather. The epileptic paroxysm occurs most frequently in the night; and while this may, perhaps be explained in part, by the temporary suspension of the will, and congestion of the brain in sleep, it is not irrational to attribute it in some degree, to the electrical changes which occur at that period; especially as we know that some persons subject to this malady, are only affected at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, when these changes are greater than at other times. Rheumatism and neuralgia, hardly excepted, there is not a disease in the whole catalogue, the phenomena of which are in more obvious harmony with the electrical theory than those of epilepsy. The periodical accumulation of excitability, and its exhaustion by the paroxysm, forcibly recall the circumstances attending the charge of the Leyden Jar.

The familiar expression of "taking cold," which is supposed to account so satisfactorily for many of the ills to which flesh is heir, may be mentioned as another example of such influence. This is owing, not to variations of temperature, as generally believed; but to disturbances of the electrical equilibrium, of which these variations are the effects or accompaniments. It is not unusual for individuals, especially those of tender age, to retire in apparent health to rest, in a comfortable room and bed, and to awaken after some hours, with a sore throat, or a paroxysm of croup; and we have all known persons to be attacked with these and other complaints, said to arise from "cold," who have been closely confined for days or weeks to

apartments, the air of which has been steadily maintained at an elevated temperature. They could only have been affected, therefore, by changes in the electrical constitution of the atmosphere without, and these would be felt with the instantaneousness of thought however the individual might be situated and protected.

The effect on the gravid female of certain atmospherical conditions, has long been observed: "cold, rainy weather, and low, damp, miasmatic localities," says Professor Gilman, "have been recognized since the days of Hippocrates, as disturbing pregnancy and causing abortion. To the influence of the atmosphere is to be attributed the frequency of abortion, or other mishap in pregnancy by which some years are signalized." The probable explanation is, that the expenditure of the nervous energy in the reproductive process, renders the system more liable to be affected by electrical changes; which again are increased by the greater conducting power of the atmosphere in the places and seasons mentioned. Insane persons, on the other hand, have always been in a remarkable degree insensible to atmospherical vicissitudes, as well as free from epidemical influences; and this exemption is due to the habitual exaltation of cerebral action in their case.

These, and a host of similar facts may be adduced to prove that there is nothing improbable in the hypothesis, that under circumstances of predisposing, or concomitant influence, general in their operation, or affecting the individual only, pathological consequences of far greater gravity, variety, and extent, may be occasioned from the exhaustion of nervous energy by the subtraction of electricity through changes in the distribution of that fluid; and that the exhaustion thus induced, may be the proximate cause, not only of the exanthemata, and of most other forms of fever, congestive or otherwise; but also of cholera, influenza, hooping-cough, erysipelas, dysentery, parotitis, the idiopathic, phlegmasiæ, &c. &c. Among the circumstances alluded to, as affecting individuals, and thereby giving efficiency to electrical fluctuation, may be enumerated, fatigue, fasting, loss of sleep, the depressing passions, and whatever tends to debilitate the frame, and exhaust or diminish nervous power.

To my mind the conclusion is irresistible, that an element which thus pervades all nature, and plays a part so important in all her operations; which is so analogous to the nervous force that it may even be substituted for it in the performance of its appropriate functions; which, when in usual quantity, maintains the organism in healthy action, and stimulates or destroys according to the degree of its excess; must by its deficiency, or subduction, especially in debilitated states of the system, and when aided by any cause tending of itself to depress cerebral action, exert a far more potential influence for evil.

The long continuance, in various degrees and combinations, of heat, cold, drought, and humidity, or the marked predominance of any of these conditions, will create predispositions which determine the character of the prevailing diseases. A hot and dry summer, for instance, will be nosologically distinguished by affections of the alimentary canal. A higher grade and longer continuance of heat, producing a greater degree of exhaustion, and occasioning a strong tendency to inflammation of the stomach, liver, and other organs, is the predisposing cause of yellow fever. In the early autumnal months, the stimulus of light and caloric being lessened, while the system, exhausted by the previous heat, remains weak and impressible, and, therefore, easily affected by electrical changes,—which are promoted by various meteorological circumstances, as cold, humidity, &c.,—intermittent and remittent fevers, in which the pathological condition is rather congestive than otherwise, chiefly abound. The cerebral functions are impaired, innervation is lessened, vascular congestion takes place, and reaction following, the usual febrile phenomena are developed, which assume an intermittent, remittent, continued, or typhoid form, according to the intensity of the cause, or the degree of the pre-existing debility. A peculiarly raw and searching atmosphere precedes and accompanies influenza, a disease which is characterized by excessive nervous disturbance and debility; while an open, wet, and variable state of the weather, such as we frequently see in November, is favorable to the production of the exanthemata, typhoid fever, erysipelas, &c. The reaction occasioned by a higher degree of cold, the air



being dry, and having, therefore, little or no conducting power, is salutary and invigorating.

In our reasoning on this subject, the effect of the diminished light and heat occasioned by the sun's southern declination, must not be overlooked. If this diminution be sufficient to suspend vegetable life, and convert the beauty of earth into the gloom and severity of winter, it is surely no unreasonable supposition that it must also exert an influence injurious to animal existence; which would be more sensibly felt, but for the reaction it calls forth, and the power of accommodation which the organism possesses. The illuminating and heating rays of the solar beam are those which exercise the greatest apparent power over the human frame. They act in their intensity as powerful stimuli, exciting the circulation, and exhausting the vital force in a remarkable degree; and according to a well-known law, their withdrawal, or considerable diminution, must necessarily be followed by a depression corresponding to the previous exaltation.\*

The view which I have taken of this subject is not wholly speculative. The diminution of magnetic power during the prevalence of cholera, has been ascertained by direct experiment. Mr. Mather, of South Shields, England, states that in 1849, when cholera of a very fatal character was epidemic in his neighborhood, he found, as the result of numerous observations carefully made, that a magnet which ordinarily carried two pounds and ten ounces, would, when the atmospheric indications were nearly at their worst,—the air being saturated with moisture,—sustain only one pound and ten ounces; the degree of its attraction varying with, and being in inverse proportion to, the virulence of the disease.

The same year the number of deaths in Paris, from this pestilence, rapidly increased until the eighth of June, when they amounted to six hundred and twenty-three. On the evening of that day there occurred a thunder-storm of unusual severity, and the cholera immediately began to decrease; by the eighteenth of the month there was a daily report of one hundred only; and at its close,

\* From the sevenfold nature of the sunbeam, we should reasonably infer the possession by each ray, of a different virtue or property. That of four of them has been already ascertained.—the lighting, the heating, the chemical, and the phosphorogenic property.

the mortality had fallen to thirty. Similar observations have been recorded by others, and from the consideration of all the circumstances attending this disease, with its preference for the great water-courses of a country, &c., its dependence upon a state of deficient electricity may be regarded as pretty certainly established. Whether operations going on in the interior of the earth, do not influence the electrical condition of its surface, is a subject which may demand investigation.\* The prevalence of cholera during the past year in Sicily, Madeira, and Central America,—all of them volcanic countries,—would seem to give some plausibility to the conjecture. The air of the Pontine marshes, near Rome, so fatal to those within its influence, is deficient in electricity, and possibly from the same cause. But it may be remarked, in passing, that the air of marshes, and still waters generally, is more prejudicial than that of rivers or running streams; partly for the reason, that the air, saturated with moisture, undisturbed by atmospherical currents, and possessing, therefore, more active conducting power, lingers upon them in unbroken mass, long impervious to the rays of the sun; and partly, because, in the latter case, the motion of the particles among themselves, and their friction against the hills, trees, &c., when driven by the winds, is itself a principal cause of atmospherical electricity. It is probably in both of these ways, that the agitation of the air, by the frequent passage of a steamboat,—itself a most active, hydro-electric machine,—increases the salubrity of places in its vicinity, or restores it when lost; as, for instance, in the case of the Schuylkill above the dam at Fairmount. The meteorological constitution in which influenza appears, would incline us to predict with confidence the origin of that complaint in defective electricity; and most of the diseases to which I have before alluded are notoriously most frequent in seasons of the year when electrical currents and changes are greatest, and their injurious operation aggravated by moisture and other auxiliary influences. There are many facts, moreover, irreconcilable with the commonly received notion of the malarious production of fever; and without absolutely denying the deleteri-

\* The proximity of such operations to the surface of the earth, and the nature of its crust influencing its conducting power, would, of course, render some places more liable to be affected than others.

ous action on the animal economy, of exhalations from decaying vegetable matter, I am fully convinced that these are not the general cause of the disease, and that a part far too prominent and exclusive, has been attributed to their agency. The theory afforded a plausible solution of many things hard to be understood, and being supported by a multitude of seeming facts, has been too hastily received and adopted by the profession. The complaints supposed to be thus engendered, prevail at a season when electrical vicissitudes are greatest, and the body, debilitated and otherwise disordered by the protracted heat of summer, is most sensible to their impression; they are often observed where there is no reason to suspect the operation of malaria; are notoriously reproduced by other causes after they have once occurred; and are promptly cured by means which eliminate no poison, but merely restore the lost tone of the system,—frequently, indeed, by mental impression alone.

Were it true that intermittent and remittent fevers owe their origin to paludal exhalations, or to malaria, however generated, we should naturally expect to find them most prevalent when vegetable decomposition is greatest; but a moment's reflection will show that the reverse is true. In the Middle and Western States, and perhaps throughout our country, September is the sickliest of the autumnal months; and yet vegetable life still flourishes, often in almost undiminished vigor; the foliage preserves its verdure and freshness, and nature exhibits few symptoms of her approaching decay. The days moreover, have become considerably shorter, the weather cooler, and it is evident, therefore, not only that *material* for decomposition is not supplied in greater abundance, but that the causes which concur in that process, are really less active than they were in the preceding months. Those seasons, moreover, which are characterized by an unusually late fall,—vegetation being fostered by timely rains, and long unchecked by frost,—are precisely those in which autumnal fevers prevail more extensively, though owing to the system being less exhausted by heat, of a milder type, than under other circumstances. The year 1855 may be adduced in illustration. Summer and autumn were both marked by cool, wet, and variable weather; the country, perhaps, never preserved its

freshness to so late a period; and yet, intermittent and remittent fevers were more than ordinarily frequent, not only in localities where they are usually met with, but also on elevated grounds celebrated for their salubrity, and even in the very heart of the city. Circumstances like these, cannot be accounted for on the theory of malarious exhalation, but receive an easy solution from the agency of humidity in increasing the conducting power of the atmosphere, and thus giving greater effect to electrical changes.

That intermittent and remittent fevers prevail epidemically in the fall, and occur only in sporadic cases during the spring, is owing to the circumstance, that in the former case, the system, unduly stimulated by the heat of summer, and left in a state of exhaustion and debility by its withdrawal, is less able to resist the electrical fluctuations which are the efficient cause of their production. Seasons in which the warm weather has been unusually protracted, and the winter uncommonly mild and open, are precisely those in which the most desolating epidemics have occurred; for the reason that the system, uninigorated by cold, falls a ready prey to the action of the cause which I have suggested. In some climates, as in that of Guayaquil, this is the invariable state of things. The winter is the period of almost incessant rain for six months' duration, and the mortality is, consequently, very great.

The human frame possesses a great power of accommodation to external agencies, especially when these are uniform and constant in their action. The air of the sea, and generally of places in its vicinity, though saturated with moisture, is healthy for this reason; for this moisture being general and invariable, tends to maintain the electrical equilibrium, though perhaps at a lower range; while the system being less enfeebled and disordered by heat, the atmosphere purer and denser, and the nights cooler and more refreshing, such fluctuations as do occur are less sensibly felt. Hence also it is, that in a very rainy season, localities which have been the immemorial haunts of fever, become comparatively healthy; while upland districts rarely visited by it, suffer in their turn.

A striking instance of a country in which every circumstance of climate, soil, and atmosphere, might be supposed to unite in the

production on a grand scale of paludal exhalation, is mentioned by Dr. Hooker in his *Himalayan Journals*. The delta of Soormah extends for a distance of eighty miles along the old bed of the Burrampooter, a river five miles broad; and forms an immense still and narrow sheet of deep, clear water, called the Jheels. The area drained by the Soormah is scarcely raised above the level of the sea, and contains about ten thousand square miles. In the dry season the Jheels are marshy, but during the rains, which are excessive on the neighboring mountains, they are entirely overflowed; the water rising to within a few inches of the huts which are built along the borders of the rivers that traverse it. The soil, sandy along the Burrampooter, is more muddy and clayey in the centre of the Jheels, with immense accumulations of vegetable matter in the marshes, consisting chiefly of decomposed grass-roots and leaves. "The climate of Chattuc," says the Doctor, speaking of one of the villages, "is excessively damp and hot throughout the year, but though sunk amid interminable swamps, the place is perfectly healthy. Such indeed, is the character of the climate throughout the Jheels, where fever and ague are rare; and though no situations can appear more malarious than Silpat and Cachar, they are in fact, eminently salubrious. These facts," he continues, "admit of no explanation in the present state of our knowledge of endemic diseases. Much may be attributed to the great amount and purity of the water, the equability of the climate, the absence of forests, and of sudden changes from wet to dry; but such facts afford no satisfactory explanation." Undoubtedly they do not, on the supposition that malaria is necessarily concerned in the production of such complaints; but discard that hypothesis, and they receive obvious elucidation on the theory of their electrical origin. Humidity alone, when universal and constant, tends, as I have said, to preserve the electrical equilibrium; and the great extent of their surface gives to the Jheels the character of an inland sea; the steady warmth of the weather sustains the vital actions; while the circumstances mentioned by Dr. Hooker, must render electrical vicissitudes slight and infrequent; and hence their exemption from the so-called miasmatic diseases.

There is no circumstance indeed, connected

with our autumnal fevers; their endemic, and occasional epidemic prevalence, the influence of moisture, the comparative exemption of large cities, the agency of winds, &c., which cannot be more scientifically explained on the electrical, than on the miasmatic hypothesis; and the former has the additional advantage of substituting an adequate, existing, and recognizable cause, for one which rests on no certain foundation, eludes all chemical scrutiny, and is to a very great extent, if not altogether, imaginary.

The objection to this view, that disturbances of the electrical equilibrium are of continual occurrence without being followed by such effects as are here attributed to them, is more specious than sound. It fails in not appreciating the consequences of the prolonged heat of summer, which, exhausting the nervous energy, leaves the system, in the early autumnal months, weak, susceptible, and predisposed to disease; and it is moreover, not altogether true in fact, for intermittent and remittent fevers are observed, though, of course, much less frequently, at other seasons of the year. As winter approaches, the invigorating influence of cold is felt in the increase of nervous energy; oxygen is breathed in greater quantity with a denser atmosphere; reaction follows the previous depression; and the predisposition changes to other forms of morbid action. It is to this circumstance, and not to the destruction by frost of malarious exhalation, that the cessation of our autumnal fevers should be ascribed.

I do not deny that the foul emanations arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, which vitiate the atmosphere of our large cities, are a concurrent cause of disease. They are often present in a degree sensibly offensive, and cannot be otherwise than extremely prejudicial to health. Such vitiation, and the impression of excessive and long-continued heat—the latter being absolutely necessary to its production,—are the great predisposing causes of yellow fever; and only require an atmosphere negatively electrical to give full effect to their injurious agency. The increased conducting power of the air when loaded with moisture, and its greater contamination from the embouchure of sewers, &c., account for the first appearance of the disease in the immediate vicinity of a river, or of the sea, upon which, places subject to it are situated.

Yellow fever, as I have elsewhere observed, is an inflammatory affection, which expends its force generally and principally on the stomach and collatitious viscera, but may be complicated also with inflammation of other parts predisposed to increased action. It runs its course with great rapidity; and derives its fatality both from its involving vital organs, and from its being engrafted upon an exhausted state of the system.

The crews of vessels who have continued in good health while at sea, are often attacked by yellow fever, on arriving at ports where the circumstances which give rise to that disease, exist in high degree—though it may not previously have appeared among the inhabitants who have been in some measure accustomed to their influence,—and are unjustly charged with having brought it from whence they sailed. After a voyage, in which, from the constant impression of a moist atmosphere, the vital forces are rather depressed below, than elevated above their par condition, they not only exchange a healthy air for one rarified and impure, but their duties generally become more laborious and exhausting; and the system thus predisposed, with its energies perhaps further impaired by excesses of various kinds, is more readily affected by the electrical fluctuations which are engendered by the action of the sun upon the land. The earth, as we all know, receives and radiates far more heat than the water, and evaporation, with all the circumstances connected with electrical fluctuation and change, is more active along the line of separation.

That such diversity of effect should be produced by the same morbid agent, constitutes, as has been seen, no valid objection to the hypothesis which I advocate. Man, in his ignorance, is fond of multiplying causes, but science is daily demonstrating the simplicity of truth. In the present instance there is no necessity for a multifarious agency. The human frame is so constituted, that whatever impairs the energy of its controlling organ—the brain,—diminishes, of course, the supply of nervous power to all parts of the body; and this defective innervation may give rise to aberrations as various as there are tissues and organs to be acted upon. Its most common result is dilatation and congestion of the capillaries, with all the phenomena of inflammation. Thus, in the dermoid tissue,

we may have derangement of the capillary circulation, or of the exhalants, or of its secretory apparatus; constituting respectively, scarlet fever, measles, and small-pox; or we may have cholera from the same cause directed to the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels; or any one of the phlegmasiæ, according as the development of latent imperfection, or accidental causes may determine. To those, therefore, who consider the complicated organism of the human system, it will not appear strange that results apparently so different, and yet in reality essentially the same, should be produced through the instrumentality of a single principle, directed in its morbid manifestations by predispositions arising from a variety of circumstances, existing in countless combinations, and involving whole communities, or affecting individuals only.

The manner in which morbid action is produced by the abstraction of electricity from the system is sufficiently indicated by what has been already said; but it may perhaps be made still clearer by one or two additional examples; the scarlet fever, as being in its uncomplicated form, a familiar instance of a general inflammatory affection, will furnish an opposite illustration. This disease, though occasionally observed in every season of the year, prevails most extensively in autumn and spring,—periods during which electrical fluctuations are greatest, and their influence is promoted by the various meteorological circumstances so often mentioned before; and, as might be expected, is chiefly confined to children, whose power of resisting hurtful impressions, is less than that of persons of mature age and vigor. The action of the brain and nervous system being depressed, or otherwise disturbed by the rapid abstraction of sensorial energy, and their control over the capillaries lessened, these consequently become dilated; the circulation through them is retarded, and a state of things is induced, closely bordering on inflammation. This, though general in all the tissues, is more particularly observed in the mucous membrane of the digestive system, and in the skin; as evinced in the former by the redness of the throat, and the projecting papillæ of the tongue,—sometimes also by the occurrence of nausea or diarrhœa,—and in the latter by the scarlet efflorescence and other symptoms of increased



action,—the predominance of which, in this tissue, commonly indicates a tractable form of the complaint. Meanwhile, the brain reacting against the morbid agency, separates and transmits the nervous energy as before; but there is now a demand for a greater supply, in order to restore the impaired tonicity of the capillaries; \* this restoration is accomplished through the exaltation of its functions occasioned by the febrile movement,—an action of salutary tendency when it does not transcend the required limits,—and after a commotion of greater or less severity, occupying necessarily a nearly definite period, the system reverts to a state of convalescence. Such is the order of things in scarlatina simplex. In the anginose variety, the pathological alterations proceed one step further. The circulation through a portion of the capillaries is not only retarded, but absolutely arrested; congestion follows, and inflammation is set up in the fauces, where, from the laxity of the parts, and the exposed condition of the vessels, we should naturally expect to find it. In still more aggravated grades of the malady, whether owing to the intensity of the cause, feebleness of constitution, or some other circumstance affecting the individual, the powers of life are prostrated, in many instances beyond the capability of re-action; the brain being deprived of its nervous energy, delirium, or coma ensues; and after a struggle of varying duration, death generally closes the scene—often supervening in a very few hours.

The year which has just passed, presented meteorological conditions favorable to the production of this disease; and it has consequently prevailed very extensively. The winter was excessively severe, and the cold was protracted throughout the spring. The early part of the summer was very warm, with the coolest August that had been known for a long period of time. The autumn was open and variable; and the mortality towards its close amounted to more than forty cases a week. A few consecutive days of clear, cold, and dry weather, occurred in the early part of December, and were followed by a marked diminution of the disease,—the number of deaths for the week following being only thirty. It subsequently became chilly, wet,

and variable, and the mortality again increased beyond any previous example. The whole mortality for the year from this cause alone, was nearly or quite one thousand. In New York, it amounted to more than twelve hundred.

The origin of measles may be explained in like manner. The difference being that in scarlet fever, the morbid influence exerts its force chiefly on the capillary circulation; whereas in measles, while it implicates the pulmonary, rather than the gastro-mucous tissue, it receives from some pre-disposing cause,—perhaps a somewhat greater degree of cold, or the same degree acting upon a system less debilitated, as in the spring—a determination to a different part of the skin; probably its exhalant vessels. In small-pox another, and more secretory portion of this composite structure is affected, and hence its contagious character.

The application of the same mode of reasoning to the phlegmasia is sufficiently obvious. An individual, from exposure in a raw and damp state of weather,—the physical powers being perhaps depressed by fasting, fatigue, or some other predisposing cause, becomes unwell, and is said, in common parlance, to have “taken cold.” More correctly speaking, the sensorial energy has been abstracted from the system more rapidly than it could be generated without disturbance of the cerebral functions; the effect is felt in the diminished innervation of some organ, liable from congenital or acquired predisposition, to fall into diseased action; and as a consequence, inflammation takes place either in its parenchyma, or investing membrane, as circumstances may determine.

The exanthemata prevail chiefly in early life, when the nervous system is not only predominant and impressible, but there is, moreover, from their greater functional activity, a natural tendency to affections of the dermoid and mucous tissues; the predisposition inclining, in after years, rather to affections of the contents of the great cavities. The exemption from a second attack, though by no means so general as is commonly supposed, increases with the more confirmed and vigorous action of the brain; and these diseases, therefore, unless there be a strong constitutional tendency or the predisposing cause exists in a high degree, rarely affect adults.

When the meteorological conditions are

\* It is this demand requiring all the ability of the system to sustain, which renders depletion, and other measures producing still further exhaustion, so dangerous in the treatment of this disease.

favorable to the production of small-pox, even vaccination will confer no immunity. That it appears to afford protection under any circumstances, is owing partly to the more confirmed vitality and different morbid predispositions of later life, and partly, also, to the fact that the conditions alluded to, combined with other depressing causes, as insufficiency of food and clothing, imperfect ventilation, neglect of cleanliness, &c., which so greatly facilitate their action, are rarely seen in this country.

For the professional expression of this opinion, Mr. President, notwithstanding my avowed practical conformity, I have been publicly arraigned by an intelligent and respectable member of this Society, as "promulgating new and doubtful doctrines, calculated to cause misgivings as to the virtue of a 'widely-adopted and long-cherished' blessing," in which he has the temerity to say that medical confidence is still undiminished; though it is known to the veriest tyro, that its advocates, driven from the ground of perfect immunity, have been obliged to resort to a modified protection,—creating a varioloid disease to explain a degree of mildness which is owing to improved modes of living and more rational treatment,—and are, moreover, divided among themselves as to the necessity of the repeated, and even septennial employment of their supposed prophylactic!

I am far from supposing that electrical fluctuation is the sole cause of morbid action. Disease once induced, has, in some instances, the power of self-propagation, and often originates, moreover, from other causes, operating as well within as without the individual; but when it prevails epidemically, or in sporadic cases of complaints sometimes epidemic where there has been no exposure to contagion, and on all occasions when it is said to arise from "cold," its etiology I believe to be as I have described. Whatever, indeed, impairs the nervous energy may operate in the same manner, and produce, under similar predisposing influences, the same results. I have seen cases of scarlet fever and variola arising, as I supposed, from fatigue alone; and I observe that Evelyn states in his Diary, that one of the Princes of the Royal Family was attacked by small-pox of a confluent and fatal character, after excessive dancing.

When the predisposition is wanting, even

contagion will be sometimes nearly, or altogether inoperative, and people are often exposed to it with perfect immunity. Variola itself, under such circumstances, will not always spread beyond the individual affected; and may even give rise to disease of a different kind. I have seen cases of fatal congestive fever without the characteristic eruption, manifestly caused by attendance on the confluent variety of that disease.

The subject opens a wide field for observation and reflection, and will require on very many topics, an entire reconstruction of medical sentiment. Several complaints now attributed to contagion, will be found to spring from a cause which no isolation could evade; demonstrating thus the inutility and folly, as well as the mischief of quarantine regulations. Not only malaria, but the whole tribe of atmospheric miasms, with vaccination, and several other widely-adopted and long-cherished opinions, are destined to fall before the more rational theory which it inculcates; while it cannot fail to exercise also, a beneficial effect upon practice, in making the preservation and restoration of nervous energy a prominent object of regard both in health and disease.

It is not to be supposed that an hypothesis which allows of no divided empire, but seeks to exalt itself upon the ruins of what composes so large a part of medical literature, supplies so much of medical phraseology, and has exercised an influence so controlling over medical opinion, will be received without strong opposition. A host of prejudices will start up in arms against it, and may deprive it in many minds of the consideration which it merits. These should not be permitted to interpose obstacles to the pursuit of truth. I ask for it only a candid and thorough investigation. If it be true, as I firmly believe, it will ultimately triumph; and if otherwise, it should be refuted and rejected. It has been held by me with increasing conviction for more than twenty years; and from the clear insight which it gives into much that without it would be dark and contradictory, I should be happy to impart the confidence which I feel, in equal degree to others.

The doctrine is fruitful in its practical applications, and involves whatever may protect the system against the fluctuations of this potent and all-pervading principle. It supplies us with an intelligible reason why, in the selection of a residence, we should avoid

localities the air of which is habitually charged with moisture, and its conducting power thereby increased, whether from the nature of the soil, or the vicinity of water. It teaches us, for a similar reason, to avoid exposure, in feeble states of health, to the early morning and evening air of the country, when intermittent and remittent fevers are rife; and when such exposure is unavoidable, points out the propriety of sustaining the vital powers by a previous meal, and the exhibition of some tonic or stimulant. It explains how it happens that in certain seasons, and during the prevalence of certain winds, situations ordinarily salubrious become unhealthy. It instructs us, moreover, during the existence of any epidemic, to abstain from everything which may depress or exhaust the nervous energy, and to maintain the action of the brain in its accustomed, or even in increased vigor, as well by the stimulus of hope and confidence, as by the use of means which exert their influence more especially upon that organ; affording thus the probable rationale of the action of belladonna and other prophylactics. Whatever, indeed, sustains and exalts the nervous power, must necessarily tend to avert disease; and in the autumnal season more particularly, when the system, before its reaction under the influence of cold, is left in a condition not unlike that of an inebriate from whom his accustomed stimulus has been withdrawn, the general prescription of some appropriate tonic might be expected to prove especially useful. In the late expedition up the Niger, a river so often fatal to previous explorers, the health of the crew was preserved in a remarkable manner by the exhibition of quinine, morning and evening, with other hygienic precautions; and the same course might be advantageously adopted by vessels arriving at our ports during the prevalence of yellow fever. It guides us, furthermore, to a right practice in many affections now somewhat empirically treated; warning us to abstain from depletory, and other disturbing measures, in scarlet, typhoid, and other fevers, where the nervous energy is already impaired through the debilitating nature of the cause, and the subsequent reaction is merely an effort of the *vis medicatrix* to restore the lost balance of the system. A want of due innervation being a primary deviation in the train of morbid action, it holds out a reasonable hope of subverting

certain complaints in their incipient stage, by the administration of tonics, as quinine, in large doses, before the vascular system has become implicated; and forbids a resort to the lancet, at least until such implication has taken place, and reaction, permanently secured, threatens, by its excess, to endanger some important organ. It abates, in many instances, as in scarlatina and rubeola, the dread of contagion; and relieves us from the supposed necessity of purifying the blood by the elimination of an imaginary materies morbi. It suggests the necessity of adequate clothing of appropriate quality,—that is, of non-conducting materials, as woollen or silk,—and other precautionary measures, in the management of children; and finally, admonishes us of the importance, at all times, of preserving the vital forces in their best possible condition, and thereby of affording to the *vis medicatrix* full opportunity of accomplishing its recuperative tendencies.

It might perhaps be supposed, on first impression, that disorders originating in a temporary abstraction of electricity, ought to be cured by the artificial supply of that fluid; and this supposition would not be unreasonable if our bodies, instead of being living systems, were inanimate machines. In the actual constitution of things, however, other morbid actions speedily follow the temporary relaxation of cerebral or nervous control; various complications ensue; and effects are produced which can only be obviated or repaired in accordance with the laws which govern the animal economy alike in health and disease. I have not found electricity of much value in the treatment of disease, until the system had been brought, by other measures, nearly or quite to its par condition, and the suspended function only required an appropriate stimulus to call it into activity.

In what has been said, the substantial identity of the *vis nervosa* and the electrical fluid has been assumed; but as before observed, this is not necessary for the truth of the theory which I have advanced. It is sufficient that there should be such a reciprocal relation between them that fluctuations in the one, will produce a corresponding change in the other—the morbid alterations being accounted for with equal clearness on either supposition,—and thus much, I presume, will be conceded by all physiologists.

The theme is a prolific one, and the ideas

thus imperfectly expressed, far from exhausting the subject, must be regarded as little more than suggestive. They are not wholly original; for the electrical origin of several diseases has by some physicians long been suspected, and as respects one of them—Asiatic cholera—well-nigh established; but I am not aware that the hypothesis has ever been so fully developed, or received so extended an application as I have given to it.

To my mind it harmonizes and elucidates many discordant and otherwise inexplicable phenomena; inculcates a rational and conservative practice; and while by its adoption we substitute a simple, intelligible and effective etiology, for one complex, contradictory, and inadequate, we get rid of much of the fanciful theory and unfounded reasoning, which have so long bewildered and disgraced our profession.

It is certainly more philosophical, and more in accordance with the operations of the divine Author of nature, who produces effects the most diverse and wonderful, by the agency of a few simple elements, to ascribe the causation of the diseases we have been considering, to a single instrumentality, capable, from its potent, fluctuating, and all-pervading nature, of accomplishing, through the governing organ of the animal economy, all that is thus attributed to it; then, like the heathen of the olden time, to create a deity for every effect, and people the invisible realms of medicine with as many miasms as there are maladies incident to the human frame. The general predisposition, individual tendency, similarity of constitution and circumstance, the negatively electrical condition of the air of apartments vitiated by respiration, and other depressing influences, will satisfactorily account for much that in many diseases has been attributed to contagion.

The fiction, that there are floating in the atmosphere, miasms which enter into the circulation by respiration or otherwise, acting as a poison to the blood, and severally producing scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, &c.,—for these diseases often prevail in the same neighborhood, or household, and, two of them at least, sometimes in the same person,—might be very well for the age in which it was invented; but in the light of modern science, is, in my judgment, as absurd, as I believe it to be unfounded.

It is gratifying to perceive that the medi-

cal mind, so long held in the leading-strings of authority, is beginning to break the flimsy fetters which have bound it, and to assert its prerogative of independent thought. I have conversed, of late years more especially, with intelligent physicians from various parts of our country, and have found in many of them a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the opinions prevalent on this subject, though they knew not what better to substitute in their stead. Contradicted by facts of familiar observation and occurrence, they are evidently losing their hold on the inquisitive and reflecting; and must, ere long, give place to views more in accordance with the dictates of a sounder philosophy.

I impute no fault, and cast no discredit on those who have gone before, and from whom they have been derived to us. They lived before the era of modern discovery, when electricity as a science did not exist; when its probable identity with light and caloric was unsuspected; when its action upon the animal system, and the marvels of the telegraph were unknown; and the theories which they invented to reconcile and explain the phenomena before them, were not behind the philosophy of their age; indeed, they may be said to have been far in advance of it, for their authority has remained unchallenged almost until now. The demerit is all our own, in that, enamored of their antiquated lore, we have stereotyped their errors, and cling to them as pertinaciously, as though they were rigid deductions drawn amidst the brighter revelations in physical knowledge, which it is our privilege to enjoy.

Surely the discovery of electricity, its capability of being temporarily substituted for nervous power in the process of digestion, &c., its action in producing muscular contraction in bodies recently dead, and its instantaneous transmission along the telegraph wires, manifesting thus a striking analogy to the nervous force or energy, might have been expected to awaken inquiry, and exert a modifying influence on opinions formed long anterior to that period. The nerves, being themselves tracts of medullary matter, do not act as conductors merely, but separate or secrete the energy which they transmit, and probably govern the capillary system in some measure independently of the brain.

Electrical fluctuation, as already intimated, has been conjecturally assigned, with more or

less complaint show such Pract Murr an ar that y electr which trical identi sion, thoug him, seen and v clusiv flectic the r the r learn of tw ploye each probl I hope such ory v claim ingly

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less confidence, as the cause of several complaints; but few attempts have been made to show by argument the grounds upon which such conjecture reposed. Dr. Wood, in his *Practice of Medicine*, states that Sir James Murray, so long ago as 1844, maintained, in an article, published in the Dublin press of that year, that the true malarious agents are electro-galvanic currents and accumulations, which produce disease by disturbing the electrical equilibrium of the body; an opinion identical with that, which, with wider extension, I have advocated in the present essay: though by what reasoning it is supported by him, I am entirely ignorant, for I have neither seen his paper, nor any other on the subject; and what I have written, therefore, is the exclusive result of my own observation and reflection. I have even abstained from reading the monograph of Mr. Craig, in order that the matter might be brought before this learned body, as the elaborated conclusion of two isolated and independent minds, employed unknown to, and uninfluenced by, each other, in the solution of the same problem.

I have not aimed at demonstration; but I hope, Sir, that I have succeeded in creating such a presumption of the truth of the theory which I have advocated, as gives it a fair claim to attention, and I commend it accordingly to the consideration of the Profession.

INFLUENCE OF VARIATIONS OF ELECTRIC TENSION AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE. By *William Craig*, Surgeon, Ayr.—The monograph of Mr. Craig alluded to in the communication of Dr. Littell, as having been addressed to Dr. Hollingsworth, the late editor of the *Examiner*, was accompanied also by a letter from that gentleman, in which he expresses his surprise, "That men whose every-day pursuit is in the field of medical science, continually in contact with vital operations, and who are characterized as lovers of matter of fact, are content, in such an important matter as the remote cause of endemic and epidemic scourges which periodically devastate the human race, to believe in the agency of miasm, which miasm has never been identified, and appears to be a mere phantom of the brain. I am very glad," he continues, "that on your side of the Atlantic, other views begin to be entertained, and I am strongly under the conviction that the elec-

tric theory will yet be recognized as the true one, and that the researches in this direction will ultimately lead to the most satisfactory results. The American Continent is a much better field for making observations connected with endemic and epidemic diseases than the little island which constitutes Great Britain. Here we are confined to a small portion of the earth's surface, with a comparatively uniform temperature, and can see the operations of nature only in a very limited form. The small swamps in the fenny counties of England, exhibit the endemic phenomena in a very circumscribed degree, and on this account strike the mind of observers less forcibly than might be the case in situations where there is a large exposure of swamp under the influence of a nearly vertical sun."

His own paper, which was originally published in the *London Medical Gazette* for June, 1851, extends in double columns through some eighteen pages of that periodical, and its reprint entire would therefore occupy more space than we could conveniently spare; but inasmuch as it relates to a subject at once important, interesting, and novel, and is moreover strikingly confirmatory of the views put forth by Dr. Littell, we have thought that an abstract of it would not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Review*.

It is entitled, *On the Influence of Variations of Electric Tension as a Cause of Disease*; and sets out with the opinion that such variations on the various parts of the earth, act prejudicially on those animals which are placed on the portions of the earth thus affected. It is assumed as postulated, that heat and electricity are identical and convertible, that every atom of ponderable matter is surrounded by a little atmosphere of heat, and that it is through the agency of this element that attraction, and cohesion between the primary constituents of bodies are maintained. The gaseous bodies, whether in their æriform state, as in the atmosphere, or solidified, as in vegetable combination, possess a great amount of latent heat, which is evolved in the new combinations formed in the animal economy, and is the source of warmth to the system. The electricity so constantly and so liberally supplied by the various decomposing processes of respiration, digestion, and assimilation cannot, however, be intended merely for the support of animal

temperature, but must have some other important work to perform, and what more likely than to minister to the vital operations in corporeal existence? The analogy, if not the identity of electricity and the nervous power is maintained, on the ground that the action of the one, can be successfully substituted for the other. Experiments showing, in the language of an able physiologist, "that a current of electricity sent along the referent nerves produces effects precisely analogous to those which are consequent on the transit of nervous forces. If it be sent along a motor nerve, muscular action is the result; along sensitive ones we affect the sensation peculiar to that nerve. Thus by means of a simple galvanic current passed through the eye, we produce the effect of light; through the auditory nerve, that of sound; and the nerves of smell and taste may be similarly acted upon." Dr. Wilson Philip has asserted that he can produce the secretion of the gastric juice by sending a current along the divided pneumogastriacs.

This view is further confirmed by the structure and distribution of the nerves, as developed by the microscopical researches of MM. Prevost and Dumas, and the conviction is confidently expressed, not only that electricity evolved during respiration and assimilation is that which supplies nervous power but that the structure of the nervous system favors the conclusion that the nervous forces are effected on the principle of a galvanic arrangement. Admitting the truth of this principle, it will follow that suspension or derangement of those provisions which nature has furnished for preserving a continual supply of vital electricity, cannot fail to affect the system prejudicially, in proportion to the amount of its abstraction.

The phenomena of disease prove that the first morbid impression is made upon the nervous system. The tumultuous form of nervous action which constitutes a rigor, conveys to those who are the subjects of it, the sensation as of a sudden abstraction of heat; coincident with which, there is a general derangement of the secretions, and a sudden failure of muscular power. Considering then that electricity and nervous force are identical, that the electricity evolved during the processes of respiration and assimilation is that which supplies the vital electricity to the nervous system, and that any cause which

hinders the supply, or suddenly and to a great extent withdraws it after being supplied must necessarily be mischievous, we have an intelligible combination of causes which will injuriously affect the system, without resorting to an imaginary miasm, which is not known as anything tangible, or appreciable by any of the senses, and which has eluded all search into its reality.

Taking cold will thus be an easily comprehensible idea. The escape of heat—that is the withdrawal of electricity from the body—is understood to be taking cold. The abstraction of vital electricity from a person whose nervous system has none to spare, will cause derangements that will be developed in some form of disease, the nervous currents in such circumstances, acting on a secreting gland, may be insufficient to elaborate from the blood those constituents which are required to form the various secretions; and in this manner the secretion may be imperfectly eliminated, the depuration of the blood incompletely effected; and the retention of those elements which ought to have been given off, will give rise to diseases which result from the vitiation of the fluids of the body.

Water in assuming the form of vapor absorbs a large quantity of electricity, and during this process portions of the earth, and the objects upon it are deprived of their due share. It is thus that injurious influences are exerted, especially on the predisposed, as are sufficient to cause epidemic and wide-spread disease.

In tropical countries the rain falls in greater quantity, and evaporation, which is effected by the radiation of solar heat, is consequently more active carrying off the electrical fluid from the earth, and leaving it in a state of negative electricity. So constantly is humidity associated with the existence of endemic and epidemic diseases, that their extent and virulence, as a general rule, will be in proportion to the amount and rapidity of evaporation in any given situation. The rainy season, or the period immediately after it, when radiation and evaporation are greatest, is consequently the most sickly in tropical climates. The insalubrity of places in hot countries, where the sea-coast and rivulets are covered with mangrove vegetation, has been particularly observed, and is attributed to the peculiar nature of those

bushes in growth and decay, absorbing moisture and facilitating evaporation. A constant drain of the electric fluid is thus kept up; and the electrical conditions of the animals being always positive, they suffer loss from the tendency of this fluid to maintain an equilibrium. In open and inland countries, destitute of marshes and jungle, the humidity is only occasional and of short continuance, and the insalubrity, therefore, is casual and temporary. The unhealthfulness of marshes is in proportion to the warmth of their position, and the consequent evaporation. On this principle it ought to follow that ague and other diseases which occur near marshes, should be mild or severe, just in proportion to the amount of evaporation. When the water scarcely covers the earth, the soil and plants become much more heated; and radiation and evaporation are consequently greater than when the ground is entirely overflowed.

There might be cited from many writers on pestilential diseases in tropical climates, examples of wide-spread deadly disease, and at the same time an absence of every other apparent instrumentality. There was no vegetable or animal decomposition, or any other source of insalubrious effluvia, on mere sandy plains, but the speedy evaporation of the recently fallen rains, and the presence of a severe pestilential scourge.

Besides the effect of evaporation, there may be some occult influence in operation on the mineral strata that constitute the crust of the earth, of good-conducting power, which may disturb the regularity of the distribution, and unsettle the equilibrium of the electric fluid, withdrawing it probably into more central regions, and leaving the surface in a highly negative condition. In this way may be produced those occasional and epidemic attacks of pestilential disease, which cannot be attributed even to the existence of those circumstances which are generally looked upon as remote causes. That this is not mere hypothesis, is proved by the observations of M. Andrand, during the prevalence of cholera in Paris in 1849. They were made with a very powerful machine; and in a communication to the French Academy, dated on the 10th of July, of that year, he says: "I have remarked that since the invasion of cholera, I have not been able to produce, on any occasion, the same effect. Be-

fore its appearance, in ordinary weather, after two or three turns of the wheel, brilliant sparks of fire, of six centimetres in length, were given out. During the months of April and May, the sparks obtained, by great trouble, have never exceeded two or three centimetres, and their variations accorded very nearly with the variations of cholera.

"This was already for me a strong presumption that I was on the trace of the important fact I was endeavoring to find. Nevertheless, I was not quite convinced; because one might attribute the fact to the moisture that was in the air, or to the irregularities of the electric machine. Thus I waited with patience the arrival of fine weather, and heat, to continue my observations with more certainty. At last fine weather; and, to my astonishment the machine, frequently consulted, far from showing, as it ought to have done, an augmentation of electricity, has given signs less and less sensible, to such a degree, that during the days of the 4th, 5th, and 6th of June, it was impossible to obtain any thing but slight cracklings without sparks. On the 7th of June the machine remained quite dumb. This new decrease of the electric fluid has perfectly accorded with the renewed violence of the cholera, as is only too well known. For my own part, I was not more alarmed than astonished; my conviction was complete. At last, on the morning of the 8th, some feeble sparks re-appeared, and from that hour the intensity decreased. Towards evening, a storm announced, at Paris, that the electricity had re-entered its domain; to my eyes, it was the cholera that disappeared with the cause which produced it. The next day I continued my observations; the machine, at the least touch, rendered with facility some lively sparks."

Experiments, with the same result, were carefully made in Glasgow, during the winter of 1840, when that city suffered from a similar visitation; and these facts, Mr. Craig regards as very conclusive in favor of the theory which he advocates. They distinctly indicate that the electric condition of the mineral strata and superincumbent mineral debris on which Paris and Glasgow rest, were, at the period when cholera raged, in a negative or low state of electric tension.

Besides these particular and occasional in-

fluences which operate on a large scale to produce epidemic and severe pestilential diseases, the occurrence of special and individual cases may be accounted for on the same principle. A person in impaired health, or declining years, is exposed to a shower of rain, and sits inactive until his clothes dry upon him. With just sufficient elimination of vital electricity to supply nervous currents, and none to spare in radiation to convert the water in his clothes to vapor, every particle of heat thus abstracted will be injurious. Similar exposure in a more vigorous state of health after severe exhaustion, would be followed by the same consequences, especially if the individual, in a state of perspiration, should imprudently sit or lie upon the ground—the greater conducting power of which would rapidly convey the electricity from the system.

The external covering provided for preserving the warmth of the inferior animals, gives further countenance to this theory. The hair, skin, and adipose tissue of quadrupeds, and the feathers which adorn and protect the fowls, are all good non-conductors of electricity. Man, less carefully guarded by nature is endowed with faculties which teach him to protect himself; and non-conducting materials, as wool, hair, silk, &c., have always been selected as a defence from cold, apart from all philosophical considerations. The barbarous inhabitants of the torrid zone,—who can endure no other covering, besmear themselves with oil or grease for the same reason. During the prevalence of a very fatal fever at Bombay, it was observed that the natives employed in an oil establishment, whose bodies were always thus repulsively coated, continued in perfect health, though hundreds not so protected were dying all around them.

In tropical regions, more especially, vessels at sea are often attacked with severe and dangerous disease; and as this evidently cannot proceed from miasms or emanations from the soil, its origin must be sought for in some circumstances connected with the ship itself. The wood of which it is composed, is a good non-conductor, and the crew are thereby nearly insulated. But evaporation from frequent washings of the deck, or dampness from leakage or other cause, by which electricity is withdrawn from the system, furnishes a ready solution of the prob-

lem. Ships have suffered severely from yellow fever, while the decks were deluged with water several times a day, whereas others in which attention was given to keep every thing dry, have been comparatively healthy.

The magnetic hills of the southern peninsula of India, especially those of Tavachymalle, are mentioned as a remarkable example of the irregularity and inequality of electric tension. There is nothing in their appearance to account for their unhealthfulness, and the cause can only be found in the character of the soil. This consists in a large proportion of ferruginous hornblende, which becomes highly magnetic; and it is supposed that the diminished amount of latent electricity in the disintegrated rocks, gives them a capacity of absorbing it from every object which comes in contact with them; and hence their insalubrity. The passage is curious, and will not easily admit of condensation or abridgment.

“As an example of the irregularity and inequality of electric tension, I may cite a curious account of fever that is endemical on the hills of the Southern Peninsula of India. The communication is made by Dr. Heyne, in the tenth number of the Madras Medical Journal. He states ‘That the hills where the fever is found to prevail appear, at first sight, quite harmless. They contain besides quartz, felspar, and mica, a great proportion of ferruginous hornblende, which, by its disintegration or separation from the rock becomes highly magnetic; and in which, I suppose, the cause resides which produces the fever, besides a great variety of other diseases.

“A most remarkable incident illustrative of these facts, and my deductions from them, I found at Zupetoor, which lies in a valley close to a large table-land, the rock of which is sandstone. I asked there a respectable native, whether any such disorders are frequent in the country, and received for answer: “No, thank God! not within ten miles of this place; but at Tavachymalle, a hilly part, where no man can live two days without getting it.” To this place a peon was despatched, with the simple request to bring two or three stones from the rock of the hill, and some sand as may be found on the road. The man returned, and brought pieces of rock composed of felspar, quartz, and plenty



of ferruginous hornblende; and the sand of the rock consisted entirely of magnetic sand and particles of felspar. In that range of these hills the rocks vary much in their formation; and wherever the iron-granite occurs, the malignant peculiarity is uniformly connected with them. Hornblende in trap contains nearly as much iron as that of the granite; the iron, also, in other minerals, as in the magnetic ore and the carbonated iron ore of that country, possesses as much magnetism in its active state, yet do they not prove themselves in the least hurtful to the constitution."

"Dr. Heyne very correctly, in my opinion, attributes the insalubrity of these iron-granite hills to the magnetic condition of the rocks composing them, but does not mention the manner in which the magnetism is supposed to act so prejudicially on the human body. The readiness with which the iron-granite becomes disintegrated depends, in my opinion, on a want of latent electricity, the binding principle in all matter; and in this way cohesion is disturbed, and the atoms fall asunder. According to the principles here advanced, the unfavorable agency may be produced in the following manner: The diminished amount of latent electricity in these magnetic minerals, may cause them to have a large capacity of absorbing it from every object that may come in contact with them. The animal bodies being always positive, in consequence of continually acquiring latent electricity from the air during respiration, and from the food during digestion, will readily give off their electricity; and if such a quantity be withdrawn as will leave less behind than is necessary for supplying power for supporting the vital operations, there will be produced diseases depending on the imperfectly performed assimilation, secretion, and excretion. There are here none of the usual conditions for creating malarious emanations—neither decomposing vegetable or animal matter; and moisture seems to protect rather than be injurious, as, whilst the rain is falling, it is observed that the malignant peculiarity is arrested. The ameliorating influence which rain may exercise on the insalubrity of this region, may be produced in the following manner: The electric fluid which is drained from the earth by evaporation, will be retained in the clouds; and if

not given off in such a concentrated condition as to come forth in the form of lightning, it will come down to the earth diffused amongst the rain; and this rocky region, which is before in a highly negative condition, will, by the supply thus communicated, become converted into much more positive circumstances, till the electricity is again drawn off by renewed evaporation."

After some practical observations respecting clothing, the construction of houses, the selections of sites for building, &c., the bearing of the theory on the subject of contagion is next adverted to; and while the injurious effects of the concentrated emanations from the bodies of patients laboring under fever, are not denied, the belief is expressed that they are less influential than is commonly imagined, and that the diseases supposed to be produced by them, are more usually dependent on the altered electric relations of the body.

Vegetable life is maintained on the same principle as animal life, but in a less vigorous and more modified form; and the diseases which appear in this portion of the organized structures, are produced in a somewhat similar manner. There is this difference, however, in the case of vegetable life,—that free electricity is indispensable to its existence; whilst animal life would be supported quite independently of it.

We cannot follow Mr. Craig in all his reasonings and illustrations,—interesting and ingenious as they are. They strongly corroborate in many particulars the views set forth in the kindred essay of Dr. Littell; and the double witness thus borne by two separate observers, certainly strengthens the claim of the theory which they advance to the attentive consideration of the profession. We subjoin the recapitulation with which the pamphlet concludes.

"1st. That heat and electricity are identical, as the one can be converted into the other.

"2d. That a large volume of electricity surrounds every primary constituent of matter, especially that form of matter which constitutes the gaseous bodies.

"3d. That animal heat is supported by the electricity liberated from the primary constituents of matter during the processes of respiration, digestion and assimilation.

"4th. That electricity is evolved during

these processes on the same principle as that which is evolved during the action of a galvanic arrangement.

"5th. That electricity and nervous power are analagous, if not identical; as the action of the one can be successfully substituted for the other.

"6th. That the majority of diseases are caused either by the sudden abstraction, or slow subduction of electricity from the body.

"7th. That a low state of electric tension on the surface of the earth, produced either by the operation of evaporation, or some occult movement in the great internal currents of the earth, is the remote cause of epidemic and pestilential diseases.

"8th. That occasional and ordinary diseases are produced by the sudden abstraction or slow subduction of electricity from the body, or its undue elimination during the vital processes.

"9th. That since electricity is so essential to the integrity of the vital operations, it is indispensable that measures be taken to promote its evolution and prevent over-radiation.

"10th. That electricity is the source of vitality in vegetable life.

"11th. That electricity is attracted by the fibres of the roots of plants; and by the instrumentality of the electric fluid does the plant extract its constituents from the soil.

"12th. That vegetables of rapid growth require a large supply of electricity to secure their perfection and completion; and the potato is a plant of this kind.

"13th. That the disease in the potato was produced by want of nutrition.

"14th. That the want of nutrition arose from defective electrical agency.

"15th. That the cause of the deficiency of this agency, was those abstracting agencies which produce low tension of electricity."

THE FIRST ENGLISH ACTRESSES.—Allow me to suggest that, interesting as the communications of your correspondents have been on the above subject, they have hardly allowed the memories of their reading to go far enough back. Anne of Denmark, wife of James I., although not an Englishwoman, was the first woman who acted a dramatic part in England, by playing in a pastoral at court. But her Majesty was not a professional actress; the first professional actresses in this country were, however, foreigners. At Michaelmas, 1629, there was a play at Blackfriars, in which French actresses appeared, and this was much resorted to. The fashion seems to have been imported from France, for Genest thus quotes Freshwater as writing from Paris, in the very year just recorded: "Yet the women are the best actors; they play their own parts, a thing much desired in England." Prynne styles the novelty of French actresses at Blackfriars "an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than whorish attempt." The novelty must have been speedily followed by Englishwomen, for in 1632 the *Court Lady* was acted at the Cockpit, and in the last act Lady Strange-glove says,—

"If you have a short speech or two, the boy's a pretty actor; and his mother can play her part. The women now are in great request."

In the following year (1633) Prynne wrathfully recorded that "they have now their female players in Italy and other foreign parts." At first there was probably no complete French company at any English theatre. In 1661 Davenant had permission, by patent, to engage a number of actresses for his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the ground that the em-

ployment of men in acting female characters had given great offence. This first licensed troupe consisted of Mrs. Saunderson, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. Jennings. "The first four," as I have already noticed in *Knights and their Days*, "were Sir William's principal actresses, and these were boarded in the knight's own dwelling-house. Their title of 'Mistress' does not necessarily imply that they were married ladies, but rather that they were old enough to be so." Mrs. Saunderson, who was the lanthe recorded by Pepys, and who subsequently married Betterton, is said to have been the first regularly engaged actress who opened her lips on the English stage. But there were wandering irregular female "stars" thirty years before her time.

—*Notes and Queries.*

TRUE BLUE—"True blue" has always been the Tory color in Suffolk. Fifty years ago, when party spirit ran high, the predominant opinion of constancy implied by it was embodied in a fugitive verse which deserves to be rescued from oblivion:

"True Blue will never stain;  
Yellow will with a drop of rain!  
T—G— for ever."

The attachment to this color thus pervaded all ranks. A very old woman at Ipswich used to boast, "Whenever I die, I shall die 'Church and King,' 'Church and King,' wonderful!" Accordingly, when that event happened, it was found that she had directed her coffin to be lined with "true blue," which was actually done, and she was buried in her favorite color.

—*Notes and Queries.*

T. C.

From The Spectator.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LUTFULLAH.\*

THIS autobiography of a Mahometan native of India is a curious work in itself. It possesses a good deal of extrinsic interest at the present time, from frequently indicating the sentiments of an experienced, self-cultivated, and, as certificates tell us, an able and superior Indian. There are also to be found in it unconscious intimations of what manner of men those Indians be who are now in open revolt against our authority. We must confess we have no great liking for one part of the "Mohamedan Gentleman's" character; no great dread of the other, as regards native strength, though distance, space, climate, and numbers, are all elements of apprehension. With every allowance for difference of country, creed, and manners, the hero of this book must be pronounced an adventurer, with very few scruples as to his means of employment and advancement, and with a conscience that enables him to see what is right rather than a courage to do it. During his early career, he falls in with a Thug; and having, by hypocrisy and taking an oath of secrecy, acquired a knowledge of the villain, he betrays him, from confusion of mind and loss of breath through his flight, without even the merit of giving up a criminal to justice. On another occasion, he embarks in a scheme which involves running away, as we may call it, from his mother and friends. Instead of the heroes he expected to have joined, he finds he has fallen into the hands of a gang of robbers; and with them he remained for some time, though he had ample opportunity to escape, by the mode he had to adopt at last. According to Lutfullah's account, he never joined in their robberies and murders, but only acted as a kind of accountant in dividing the spoil.

In what refers to the intellectual *character* rather than to morals or conduct, we are not more favorably impressed. As the descendant of a Mahometan saint, and himself a stanch Mahometan, it is but natural that he should adhere to his own creed and prefer its practices. Neither is his evident dislike of Europeans in general to be censured as wrong. The points for disapproval are, the

\* *Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohamedan Gentleman; and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures: interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal.* Edited by Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., F.S.A. Published by Smith and Elder.

conceit with which he pronounces judgment on their practices—such as their permitting women to mix in society, and the spirit of adulation which animates his praises when nothing at least is to be lost by praise, and his somewhat malignant censure of those who displease him. All these things are found in the spirit. The style is mild enough, the language measured. Something of childishness and a feminine weakness is visible throughout. It is as if the mind had only been developed up to a certain point and then stopped. This is a common characteristic with Orientals writing in English, and two allowances have to be made: *they* are writing in a foreign tongue, *we* are trying them by an European standard.

In that part of a character which most interests us just now, there is not much to fear, if Lutfullah is to be taken as a representative of the native Indian. He wants steady persistence and patience to wait for the ripening of events; though he is patient enough when it answers an immediate purpose. Change, without any other object than recreation or mere love of change, is one great feature of the life. We do not allude to his early youth, when few people settle down; but there is a continual shifting of employment, with the usual result, it seems, of the rolling stone. His most decided instance of perseverance was his acquiring the English language without any assistance other than Dr. Gilchrist's work and what he could pick up. One of his methods was not to go to bed until he had learned ten words. He has mastered the language sufficiently to write this book himself.

As an autobiography the book is very curious. It bears the strongest resemblance to *Gil Blas* of anything we have ever read, whether we regard the incidents or the character of the hero. Like the Spaniard, Lutfullah passes through a variety of adventures; that with the robbers, for instance, being almost a general counterpart of *Gil Blas*, and the Mahometan actually does take service with an Oriental Sangrado. He also rises to a respectable position as interpreter in the Anglo-Indian service, through having taught languages to the officers; he rose somewhat higher in the employment of Native grandes; though he does not attain to the closet confidence of a prime minister, or to some of the delicate employments of

*Gil Blas* at court. There is a good deal more of minuteness in the autobiography than in the novel, especially in the boyish scenes: the latter part of the life, when the hero gets mixed up with public business Indian and European, wants the rich satire of *Gil Blas*, though the bare truth does something in this way.

Lutfullah—which name being interpreted means “the favor of God”—was born in “the ancient city of Dhārāngar in Malwa,” in 1802. He was the descendant of a great Moslem saint of the fifteenth century, and for many generations the family lived on a grant of land. When the Mahrattas conquered the province, they confiscated the greater part of the property, and the descendants of Shah Kamaluddin had little to subsist upon. By the time our hero had reached his fourth year, this little was lessened; for on the death of his father his paternal relations tried to get possession of the income. The difficulties springing out of this dispute drove his mother from her late husband’s house, to take refuge with her brother; and by eventually throwing the boy upon the world to get on as he could, made him the man he is, and produced this autobiography. Of his precocious childhood, his aptitude for learning, the various adventures he passed through while feeling his way in life, and his more settled pursuits as teacher of languages and in the civil service, he gives minute accounts, often mingled with reflections. The whole, from the first page to the last, is very characteristic of Indian and Anglo-Indian life, or of the autobiographer himself. Our extracts will be limited to the topic of current interest—the ideas and feelings of the Natives towards the conquerors, and how those feelings may be affected by the conduct of those in authority. There are, too, some pictures of the general insecurity under Native rule, and here is one of them when the author was a little boy, some fifty years ago.

“Two or three times a year accounts will reach us of the approach of large bodies of Pindarees, who had been committing havoc in the surrounding districts; or of an intended attack by some neighboring potentate, for the purpose of levying contributions on the city. Then the hearts of the inhabitants were filled with terror and dismay; and forthwith jewels, money, and articles of value, were buried in the earth or otherwise secreted. When the attack did take place,

the situation of the inhabitants was truly pitiable. They were then literally ‘between two fires,’ from both of which they suffered nearly equal injury; the cannon-balls from the citadel, instead of reaching the enemy for whose special destruction they were intended, generally falling short of their mark, and causing fearful loss of life and property within the walls of the city. This, of itself, was dreadful enough, even when the enemy failed in their object; when victory declared on their side, such of the citizens as had survived the onslaught became the victims of the most refined cruelty, in order to discover the places where their treasure was concealed. Numerous modes of torture were had recourse to for this purpose, amongst which the three following generally proved the most effectual. First, the victim was pinioned and exposed bareheaded to the burning rays of the sun, while his ears were pounded or pinched between the lock of a gun; secondly, after being pinioned, as above, he was made to stand in the sun, with a stone of enormous weight on his head, first inserting a gravel stone of the size and shape of a small grape, which gradually forced its way through the skull to the brain; thirdly, a horse’s grain-bag, half filled with ashes and red pepper in powder, was tied over the sufferer’s face, so as to include his mouth and nose, the consequence of which was, at first, a most violent fit of sneezing, and if protracted to a quarter of an hour, a horrible death by suffocation.”

These reports of the Feringees refer to about the same period in the book, but we suspect were partly traditions, or at least reports of the elders.

“Strange things were said regarding this wonderful people, who, it was affirmed, had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they called themselves Christians; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjil, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images; and they ate everything, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjil (St. Matthew, v. 18 and 19); nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They made three Gods for themselves, instead of one—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being—contrary to their first commandment; and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their Prophet and them-



selves Son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations; and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favor—that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice, they never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon the Son of David, &c.”

Byron notes the unmoved countenance of the Mussulman,

“well skilled to hide  
All but *unconquerable pride*,”

This pride in Lutfullah and his uncle was so great, that when they heard of the Feringees their wish was to “question them on their erroneous religion.” Some years later, the youthful doctor first saw Englishmen, at Baroda; and he gives this account of his impressions of them.

“One morning as I was walking in the city to divert myself, I saw four men, two of them on horseback, and the other two walking along with them; to my great curiosity I found their complexion corresponding with what we had heard. I heard them talking among themselves, and their jargon sounded harsh and wild to my hearing. Their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal. I felt inclined to accost them; but thought myself too young to venture on such an intrusion in a foreign city. I raised my hand, however, to my forehead, in token of salutation, without uttering the sacred sentence, ‘As salámun alaikum,’ to which my mind whispered none were entitled except true believers. They returned my salutation very kindly; which civility greatly softened my prejudices against them.”

Lutfullah acted as teacher to Captain Eastwick, and subsequently as moonshee to that officer. He accompanied the Captain during the marches through Scinde and as far as Shirkapoor in the Cabul war. On one occasion the Moslem pride was offended on a matter of etiquette; though he might surely have borne what British officers had to bear.

“On the 21st we halted, and Sir H. Fane landed at our encampment, and had an interview with Nuwáb Mohamed Khán Laghári, deputed by the Sindh authorities to meet this nobleman on his way here. No one was allowed a seat, except Sir H. and the Nuwáb. I attended several Darbárs of the Governor-General when at Ajmir, but never found any gentlemen, whether tall or white, underrated as in this extraordinary audience. The English officers of the Ben-

gal side have in general a too good opinion of themselves. Captain Eastwick stood as interpreter in the presence of the two representatives, and I, behind him, euphonizing every now and then his Persian sentences to the Nuwáb. When Sir H. heard me first, he called out, ‘And who are you, sir?’ To this Captain Eastwick replied, ‘He is my munshi.’ Sir H. is a tall, well-made, intelligent, middle-aged man; but he seemed to have no lessons of politeness.”

There are several acts of a similar kind, but, coming from far inferior men, the complaint is better founded. There are also a few matters of a graver nature, involving, we fear, large oppression, breach of public faith, and a substitution of might for right. This is the beginning of the end in Scinde.

“The three Amirs, Núr Mohamed, Nasir Khán, and Mir Mohamed, and a young man, Mir Sháhdád, sat on a large four-legged square plank, covered with a simple Persian carpet, called the throne, with their swords and shields placed before them. The British representative and his companions sat on chairs placed for them, but were obliged to take off their shoes before entering the Darbár. The rest of the people sat on the floor, which was well carpeted.

“After the overflow of compliments had subsided, Captain Eastwick seized the opportunity to administer the black dose of his mission to his hosts. He took the papers from my hand containing the draft of the treaty lately translated by myself and read it to their Highnesses with a clear Persian accent. The Amirs listened composedly, though marks of displeasure could be traced on the face of Mir Núr Mohamed. He changed color, becoming now red, now pale as a ghost. When the reading was over, the Bilúchís showed great excitement. At this time a slight signal from their Highnesses would have been sufficient to terminate the lives of all our party under the swords of the barbarian and remorseless Bilúchís, many of whom stood at our head with naked scimitars, in the same way as executioners do at the moment of the performance of their horrid duty. Mir Núr Mohamed first observed in Bilúchí, to his two colleagues, ‘Cursed be he who puts reliance upon the promises of the Faringis’; and then, addressing himself seriously to the British representative, he spoke thus in Persian—‘Your treaties, I believe, are changeable at your pleasure and convenience: is this the way to treat your friend and benefactors? You asked our permission to allow your armies a free passage through our territories. We granted it without hesitation, depending upon your friendship under

your honorable promises. Had we known that after the entrance of your army into our lands, you would threaten our safety, and enforce another treaty upon us, demanding an annual tribute of three hundred thousand rupees, and a ready payment of two million one hundred thousand rupees for the immediate expenses of the army, we would, in such case, have adopted measures for the security of our country and persons. You know we are Bilúchis, and no traders to be frightened easily. We do not govern the country alone, but the interest of the whole of our clan is involved in the Government."

"Captain Eastwick heard all this with calmness, and gave brief replies in Persian and Arabic proverbs, such as—'Our Government has no intention of putting your Highnesses under any inconvenience, but necessity has no law'; 'Friends must aid friends in emergencies'; 'The present campaign is not only for the security of India, but the safety of your Highnesses' territories likewise depends upon it,' &c. Mir Núr Mohamed smiled, and spoke to his cousins in Bilúchi, which we could not understand; and then, with a sigh, he said to Captain Eastwick, 'I wish I could comprehend the meaning of the word "friend" which you use.'

From The Press.

AN original autobiography, quaintly written in English by a Mohamedan gentleman, who details "his transactions with his fellow creatures," interspersed with remarks "on the habits, customs, and character of the people with whom he had to deal," possesses at least the charm of novelty. But Lutfullah has greater claims to our consideration; his autobiography details the events of a life sufficiently varied to be interesting, and exhibits the author as a shrewd observer of events, as an acute tactician in the conduct of his own affairs, and as an able and agreeable writer. Then, again, his book, ably edited, abounds in all the charm and spirit of that mixture of enthusiasm, good sense, and simplicity so peculiar to Orientals, while it is especially interesting and instructive to us, in detail, as illustrating in some degree the nature of the regard felt for the English by the natives of Hindostan.

Lutfullah, with a pedigree told on the title-page as tracing direct up to Adam, was born in Malwa, in 1802. His ancestors were men of saintly consideration, and had enjoyed special privileges and a fine property till within a hundred years of his birth, when, by one of those abrupt changes of rule at that

period common to all India, his family was plundered by the Marattas and brought to beggary—to use his Eastern Metaphor, "the light of day was withdrawn, and the shadows of night had gathered round them." However, in course of time his grandfather amassed a little money, and at length the most important event in our hero's career occurred—he was born. As a boy, Lutfullah passed his youth like most boys; he played tricks at home till he was sent to school, and then continued them there. He used, he tells us, to put frogs into the ladies' work-baskets, and enjoyed their screams much when the frogs jumped out. He set fire one day to the beard of a venerable old scheik, for which he was flogged by his master, and into whose coffee next he put a powerful purgative out of revenge; and he tells us with much gusto that upon seeing the old gentleman suffering "strange qualms," he took his leave from school that day with "the tear of sorrow" in one eye and "the light of satisfaction" in the other. Before the boy is ten years of age his father dies, and then the old story of domestic life is repeated. His mother marries a man who ill-treats her boy, and the young Lutfullah takes wing one night for Agra. After a series of adventures, in which he falls into the hands of a Thug, spends a year with a robber-band of Affghans and Bheels, and then studies medicine for another twelvemonth or so, the young Lutfullah at length obtains an appointment in the British service as special postmaster of Dharamपुरi, near Mhow. The necessity for the appointment ceasing in a few months, Lutfullah proceeded to Mhow to render up his accounts, and resign his office; while *en route* an incident common enough in India occurred, but is so graphically told that we select it as a fair specimen of our author's descriptive powers:

"The darkness of the evening, on account of the cloudy weather, came on with rapidity; and I advised that each man should, alternately lead the way, with a burning log of wood in his hand to scare off the ravenous beasts, as was usual when charged with the post. Being out of the service, my words were not only disobeyed but actually had no longer any weight with them. They ridiculed my fears, and said, 'Pray come on quietly, if you wish to accompany us; if not, you may return and do as you like.' This was the first insult that pierced through my

heart, and I never spoke to any of them again.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, when fatigue of the march and the cool of the night rendered my brain heavy, and my feet unwilling to move; but I strolled on still with the people. The moon sometimes extended her calm splendor over us, and sometimes was overshadowed with dark clouds. Suddenly, upon the left side of our road, a crackling was heard among the bushes: all of us were alarmed, and in an instant a tiger, rushing out of the jungle, pounced upon one of the party that was foremost, and carried him off in the twinkling of an eye. The rush of the animal, and the crush of the poor victim's bones in his mouth, and his last cry of distress, 'Ho hai!' involuntarily re-echoed by all of us, was over in three seconds; and then I know not what happened, till I returned to my senses, when I found myself and companions lying down on the ground, as if prepared to be devoured by our enemy, the sovereign of the forest. I find my pen incapable of describing the terror of that dreadful moment. Our limbs stiffened, our power of speech ceased, and our hearts beat violently, and only a whisper of the same 'Ho hai!' was heard from us. In this state we crept on all fours for some distance back, and then ran for life, with the speed of an Arab horse, for about half an hour, and fortunately happened to come to a small village of about fifty huts, into which we rushed heedless of the barking of dogs which roused the inhabitants, who taking us to be a gang of robbers, hooted and shouted with all their might to drive us away."

The rush of the tiger, the appalling "Ho hai!" of the poor Coolie, the crush of his bones, the crackle of the jungle as the tiger bounds in with his victim, and then the terrified and involuntary whispers of the men crouched on all-fours and repeating the cry, is a perfect word-painting.

And now a fair career was about to open to the young Lutfullah, for, tired of his roving life, he became moonshee or teacher of Hindoostane to a British officer. He first lived for a few months "under the generous protection" of Lieut. M'Mahon, "a tall, thin young man of great talent and ability, endowed with an excellent gay humor and mirthful temper," and then under Lieut. Hart, "whose treatment was brotherly," but who falling ill of fever became "very peevish," and so Lutfullah, "feeling disgusted with the world," parted from his patron "not in a friendly way," and once more started

with nothing but a few rupees and his wits to seek his fortune. He soon found another patron, and finally settled at the camp at Khaira. One day he visits the sea for the first time, and with the simple superstition of his race thus relates his adventures:

"On beholding the immense body of water and its regular ebb and flow I was struck with astonishment at the unlimited power of the one Supreme Being, before whom the whole of the universe is no more than an atom. Deeply engaged in such meditations, as I stood one evening at the seaside looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, according to which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism, I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slyly behind me, and, after punishing me for my crime ran away like a shot. I followed him with my stick for a little distance to revenge the injury, but in vain; the animal vanished from my sight, and I returned home with a very great pain in my leg."

Six years passed in taking pupils and in learning English placed him in comparative affluence, and of course he married. His reflections at this period of his life would lead us to believe that Lutfullah had been hasty in his choice and lived to repent at leisure:

"Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble. In overrating small evils we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor, I thought for myself only, but now I had to think for another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future.

But Lutfullah was a fatalist, and submitting decently to the decree of his destiny, learned, when his wife died some years afterwards, to mourn her loss sincerely, and—to marry again as soon as possible.

During his stay at Sattara he witnessed a suttee, and describes it with great power. His English companions reasoned with the widow, a young girl of fifteen, and one of them (Lieut. Earle) observed to her:

"My good lady, pray consider over the act once more, act not against your reason; you must be sure that we are your friends and not your enemies, that we would save you from the horrid death by all means at a slight signal of your consent, and would make an honorable provision for you during your life." And he added, 'You should try the experiment of burning your little finger before committing your whole precious body to the flames.' But, alas! her fanatism had advanced too far beyond the reach of this and such wholesome advice; and with a scornful smile she told Mr. Earle that she was highly obliged to him for his kindness, of which she did not stand in need; that her word was one and unalterable. She then, boldly tearing up a slip of her handkerchief, dipped it into the oil of the burning lamp (usually placed before satis whether day or night), and tying it round her little finger, she lighted it up with eagerness, and it burnt on like a candle for a little while, and then diffused the smell of burning flesh, during which the young beauty talked on to the audience, without a sigh or sob to indicate the pain; yet the marks of the blood's rush to the face, attended with a profuse perspiration on her brow, betrayed her feeling to our unbiassed and sorrowful mind. The fit of this enthusiastic frenzy is added and maintained, I believe, by the effect of some narcotics, particularly of camphor, a large quantity of which is administered by the hardhearted Brahmans to the poor victims, which is swallowed by them immediately after they have uttered their intention of self-destruction, in the sudden impulse of grief at their bereavement. The effect soon spreads over the nervous system, stupefaction ensues, and the whole body is benumbed before it goes to the fire to be consumed. The pile now being ready, the corpse was washed and laid inside, and about half a pound of camphor in a bundle tied round the neck of the damsel; she got up with her usual alacrity, invoking her gods, and rushed to the fatal spot in the same way as a moth to the flame. She then walked round the pile seven times, and having entered it, she placed the head of her dead husband in her lap, and herself holding a burning wick between the big and second toes of her left foot, she set fire to the combustibles interwoven with the logs of fire-wood."

Mixing now so much among the English, Lutfullah rapidly acquired our language. It is amusing to read his personal experiences of the different Englishmen with whom he was thrown in contact. Lieut. Webb, of the Artillery, was "a very nice gentleman and

an over-zealous Christian"; Ensign Eastwick was "a promising youth, with an extraordinary memory." What he once acquired was always found "indelible on the tablet of his pure mind." "His invaluable society," adds Lutfullah with charming simplicity, "became so precious to me that I remained in his service almost all the time of his stay in India, excepting some intervals, during which higher emoluments tempted me to leave him for some time." With the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone he was much struck, and "greatly admired his amiable, cogent, and comprehensive conversation." Sir Henry Pottinger he declares was "a real man, wise as Solomon, and enterprising as Alexander;" but of Sir H. Fane he had not a favorable opinion; he admits that he was tall, well-made, and intelligent, but he seemed to have had "no lessons of politeness," and that in an Oriental's eyes is a fatal objection.

Lutfullah attended Captain Eastwick, who accompanied Sir Henry, then Colonel, Pottinger into Scinde at the time of the Cabul campaign, under Lord Keane. It was the object of the British Government to obtain a passage through Scinde for a division of the army, and Lutfullah gives us some instructive details as to the feeling of the Sindhis when we first appeared in their country. The "omnivorous English" were feared. Here is a conversation carried on outside his tent by some Sindhis, and which he overhears:—

"The general theme of their discourse was Government affairs. One party remarked that the country was lost—the English would take it very soon. 'The Tálpúrs themselves, especially Mir Súb-dár,' said they, 'are to blame for being too friendly with the omnivorous English: they have taken all India; in the same way they will soon take all this country.' Another responded, 'You are mistaken, my friends. Let the Tálpúrs of Hydrabad make themselves Christians; but fear not, as long as we have Shir Mohamed of Mirpur on our side. His late Highness Mir Karam Ali's widow has furnished, and will always furnish him with funds sufficient to carry on a perpetual war with all the Farangis in the world; and if God pleases, we can be masters of all the gold and implements of war that they are laboring to bring into our country. Know you not the verse of our Holy Book, "One true believer is sufficient to defeat ten infidels?"' A third white-bearded Sindhi, with a profound sigh, observed, 'Ah! my friends, your dream is somewhat too ex-



travagant; you have never seen the tricolored, viz., the white, brown, and dark devils, fighting jointly on a field of battle. Whilst in the service of H. H. the Peshwá, I was an eyewitness of their hard fights in the Dakhan. Here is an unquestionable proof:" saying this, he tucked up his sleeve and showed a scar, which demonstrated a clear transit of a bullet through his left arm. He concluded by saying, 'A man may overmatch another, or perhaps two or three, if the contest is to be decided by the sword, but these cowardly Satans have no sword, and if they have any it is as blunt as your walking-stick. They will kill you with their rascally shots whilst you are a mile or so off from them, and then what is the remedy?' Such discussions by the side of my tent walls often amused me much; and sometimes, rising from my seat, I intruded upon them, and preached to them in my broken Sindhi, that the English would not take their miserable country, producing only fish and rice, even if it were forced upon them; that they had sufficient golden territories to govern and manage, and that they were stanch friends of the Amirs; that their forces were now passing through the country for the purpose of protecting their possessions in India, as well as the Amirs' territory, from foreign aggression. To this they would reply with a chorus of laughter, 'What you say, sir, may be true, but we are rude people; we cannot comprehend high policies of government. Ha! ha! ha!'"

We can see from this how much weight superstition and fear have contributed hitherto to maintain our supremacy in India. It is fear that has bound the native to us, and a species of general acquiescence in the notion that for the time our power was irresistible. The Bilúchís did not care to understand *la haute politique*, but they comprehended artillery.

Having occasion to impose upon the Amirs a new treaty, which by demanding a large tribute literally at the point of the bayonet, for a powerful army was collected within a few miles of Hyderabad, secured their neutrality during the Cabul war, Capt. Eastwick was deputed to be the bearer of this disagreeable intelligence. It was a service of some danger. Lutfullah accompanied him, and he sketches for us the Sindhi Darbár with great power. The passage is too long for extract, and will not bear abbreviation.

The Darbár broke up badly, and the situation of Captain Eastwick was precarious, but the Amirs at last agreed to the terms—and the end of it is all that the "omnivorous" English now enjoy possession of Sin lh.

We must hurry through the narrative from that period to that wherein Lutfullah accepts a permanent appointment under the Nawab of Surat, noticing *en passant* the curious objection made, he tells us, by Kamal Khan, a wily old Bilúchí chieftan, to an alliance with the English. He objected because the ultimate object of the English, he said, was generally believed to be the conversion of the people to Christianity; and he expressly stipulated that, if he served the English, it should be only on condition of non-interference with his religion! This is a singular fact, as clearly showing the religious element in the present contest to be no sudden impulse, but, rather a deep-rooted fear, which the arbitrary acts of the British Government during recent years have revived and invigorated.

The case of the Nawab of Surat is fresh in our readers' minds, and we need only say that Lutfullah, having accepted an appointment as secretary to his Highness Mir Jafir Ali, accompanied that prince to England so soon as the Government of India "had sent out its dreadful order" abolishing the title of the Nuwáb. A "lucky hour" having been fixed by the astrologers, they left Bombay on the 12th March, 1844, *en route* to England, and this is an extremely interesting portion of Lutfullah's career. His adventures are told with genuine truthfulness, and with a minuteness of detail showing no ordinary power of observation. At first starting they get into a gale of wind, which distresses every one on board. The captain, he tells us, "walked up and down with a cigar in his mouth, and the effect of the forbidden liquor in his head." Then they reach Ceylon, and, landing at Galle for a few days, they take up their quarters at the English hotel, where in the morning, "to their great astonishment and disgust," they behold "a herd of unclean animals running, grunting, snorting, and roaring about our rooms." The "abominable sight" drove them from the Christian roof to the house of a true Muslim in the town, with whom they have "pleasant and instructive talk." On the 5th day the P. and O. steamer *Bentinck*, "like a roaring Satan forcing its way through the sea, with its four tremendous wheels at work, making a dreadful noise, and sending up its smoke to the sky," heaves in sight, and on the next day the Prince and his suite embark and arrive at Suez in due time

without mishap. At Alexandria Lutfullah is charmed with the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Larking, the latter "a lady consummate in beauty and noble in mind," who talked Arabic freely and with good accent. Lutfullah chronicles this as the first time that he "saw and heard a fair mouth scattering pearls of eloquent phrases in that scientific language," and he confesses that in conversing with her he considers himself as "having the felicity of confabulating with one of the gazelle-eyed nymphs of Paradise!" They spend six days in Alexandria, see all the lions, and, enchanted with the hospitality shown them, and with such courtesy and kindness as "can never be met with from the Christians in India," leave for England. "The fact is," says Lutfullah, "that the more you proceed towards England the more you find the English people endowed with politeness and civility." This is a curious remark, and significant of the tendency of our rulers in India.

From Alexandria to England Lutfullah chronicles every event of importance. He is "actually struck with amazement, awe, and admiration," to see "the incomparable fortress of Gibraltar;" and as "*il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule*," when he arrives off Southampton he is enraptured with the bumboat women who come alongside, "fresh and fair damsels," he calls them, "of dazzling beauty." Upon landing of course they are mobbed, and the medical gentleman in the suite, as the mob shout "*Hurrah!*" becomes very angry, and calls them "over-curious white devils," who have "no respect to caste or age"; but all these little difficulties are overcome, and the "city of enchantments." London, is at last reached by means of the "fairy vans." The Nawab was wise enough to prefer private lodgings to Mivart's, and here soliloquizes Lutfullah:

"We settled after our long voyage from the middle of the globe to the end of the world, where the sun appears, far to the south, as weak as the moon, and the polar star nearly vertical; where the country all over is fertile, and the people ingenious, civil, and active; where the language, customs, and manners are entirely different from our own; where, in fine, the destiny of our sweet native land lies in the hand of some twenty-five great men. It cannot be, I am sure, without the will of that one Supreme Being that this small island, which seems on

the globe like a mole on the body of a man, should command the greater part of the world, and keep the rest in awe."

And now, having brought him safely to London, we must leave him in the hands of our readers. They will learn from him his admiration for our wonderful bridges, his astonishment and entertainment at the opera, where "two very handsome ladies very indecently dressed" appeared upon the stage, and "danced expertly," whirling round so that their short gowns flew up the forbidden height," and violated decorum. They will see how he passed his evenings delightfully in the "enjoyment of good society;" how he went to a party at Lord Ashley's, and was introduced to Lady Jocelyn, "the loveliest of English beauties," and how he had the honor of playing at chess with "this nymph of Paradise;" and how he went to the House of Lords and heard "the question on the duty on sugar most ably discussed," and called upon the East India Directors and found Colonel Sykes to be "a man of sublime mind, endowed with high attainments, considerable ability, and acute understanding," and then how the Nawab and his suite called upon Lord Ripon, at the Board of Control, who received them with the courtesy "natural to the nobility of England," but, "feeling his pulse" with regard to their business, found his lordship "a very stiff and different man altogether;" or how they went to Ascot to see "what horse would win and what horse would lose," or to Westminster Abbey, where "the abbot, a very polite, young man, of great ability and talent," showed them the lions; or how they dined at Greenwich and Richmond, and visited Windsor and Woolwich; or, in point of fact, how they "did" London, and did it as thoroughly as her Majesty of the Netherlands, for they saw every thing, from the Ojibbeways to Tom Thumb and Astley's, and finally tore themselves away, much against their inclination, for their native land—all this the reader will find detailed with gusto in the pages of Lutfullah's diary; which are sprinkled with quaint reflections upon whatever is striking or singular in our customs or our pleasures; and it is thus that he sums up the character of the English people:

"I may now sum up the character of the English, by saying they are entirely submissive to the law and obedient to the com-

mands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limits of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable."

This is ungallant of Lutfullah, after all the pleasure he professes to have experienced from the society of our "nymphs of Paradise;" but he promises us another volume of memoirs, and so we will reserve our indignation for the present, and only compliment him upon the entertaining and very readable volume he has presented to us.

From The Economist

THIS is the freshest and most original work that it has been our good fortune to meet with for long. It bears every trace of being a most genuine account of the feelings and doings of the author, who belongs to a people of whom we know little but through the medium of Europeans,—ill qualified in general to judge of a character so entirely dissimilar to their own as that of the Mohomedan. The whole tone of the book, the turn of every thought, the association of ideas, the allusions, are all fresh to the English reader; it opens up a new vein, and many will be astonished to find how rich a vein it is. Lutfullah is by no means an ordinary specimen of his race. His acquirements are great; considering, indeed, the few advantages he enjoyed, his aptitude for learning must have been extraordinary. He made himself master of the Persian and Arabic languages, to which he subsequently added the Maráthi and the Scinde dialects, and what he terms "our most difficult language." The last cost him eight years of study, at a period when his time was otherwise much occupied; he never went to bed without studying a portion of one of Dr. J. B. Gilchrist's works, and committing ten words to memory. The present work will testify to the success of this discipline. It is not only written with correctness, but displays great command of words, and considerable knowledge of English classical writings. There is, too, an appropriateness of style to each subject that denotes complete mastery of the language. The descriptions of nature are, in parts, really eloquent and poetical; the external appearance of the towns is, on the

contrary, described in precise terms,—clear and condensed. The more delicate and humorous touches of the author's pen are reserved for his delineations of men. Sir H. Pottinger was "a real man, wise as Solomon and enterprising as Alexander." "Mir Mohamed was a well-made, soldier-like man, with handsome features, but hare-lipped. It seemed that the hand of nature, in finishing his face, accidentally dropped its chisel between his lips and left the blemish unrectified." Besides languages, science seems to have occupied much of Lutfullah's attention. He studied medicine assiduously for several months, and, when other trades failed, practised as a doctor for about a year, without, acquiring the character that he attributes to an English practitioner, viz., "one of the deputies of the Angel of Death." By profession he is a Mullá, or priest, being the descendant of a saint, and having the care of his ancestor's shrine at Dháranagar, in the province of Malwa. Having lost his father at an early age, his youth was one of trial and vicissitude; at fifteen he began life on his own account, and through his inexperience and enterprising spirit, was entrapped into the stronghold of a marauding Bheel tribe, whence he escaped with difficulty, after witnessing the wholesale massacre of a large party of Afghans, who had joined the Bheels as accomplices. Many years were then spent either as Munshi, or as professor of Hindustani, Persian, and Maráthi to different English officers. In both these he became known to Captain Eastwick, for whom he appears to entertain the most devoted attachment, and whom he accompanied to Scinde in 1838. Finding that with his improved circumstances his domestic affairs became more complicated, and his servants more neglectful in the performance of their duty, he felt the necessity of having a person to superintend his household, and accordingly married. He records the event in the following words:

"Thus being compelled by circumstances, on the 23rd of September, 1824, I married a young lady whom I had known when in Kach, and whose destiny had brought her hither some time before my arrival. Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble. In over-rating small evils we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state

was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor, I thought for myself only, but now I had to think for another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of a very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future."

We hear very little more of this lady until the day of her death. In the meantime the Nuwab of Surat, in whose service Lutfullah had spent several months, died; the government, which had for years only nominally belonged to him, was declared to have passed into the hands of the English, and the Nuwab's property was confiscated. Lutfullah attached himself to the fortunes of one of the aspirants to the succession, Mir Jafir Ali Khán, who, finding his claims disregarded at Bombay, proceeded to England to lay them before the Court of Directors. The account of his voyage and of his impressions in England is extremely entertaining. Among the first objects in London that attracted his attention were the men with ashes sprinkled over their heads, from which he concluded that some death had occurred in the house. He of course, witnessed all the great London sights, and felt due appreciation of the opera.

"But we gained a grand object by taking the trouble of coming to this place; that is, we were blessed with a near sight of our gracious Sovereign and her husband the Prince, to whom we made our profound bows, which were very politely returned by Her Majesty and her illustrious Consort. It appears that our dresses, our faces, and our obeisance, without taking off our turbans, attracted the attention of the Royal pair, and of the nobility in their cavalcade; but it was all without the vulgar curiosity of common people. Those who are crowned with greatness by the grace of the Almighty, their minds are also endowed with greatness."

From the Diorama Lutfullah and his companions returned "half satisfied and half puzzled. Some of my companions would have the house to be under the power of evil spirits." The society to which Lutfullah was introduced seems to have afforded him great satisfaction.

"On the 14th, we went to an evening party at Lord Ashley's. His lordship and his beautiful lady received us with courtesy. Here we had the pleasure of being intro-

duced to Viscount Jocelyn and his wife, the loveliest of English beauties. After a little while I had the honor of playing at chess with this nymph of Paradise. I played two games with her, and allowed myself to be beaten both times to please her."

The narrative ends with Lutfullah's departure from England. The early parts remind us of portions of the "Arabian Nights;" we find the same adventurous and hand-to-mouth kind of life, and vicissitudes of fortune of the same description, though, of course, on a more limited scale. One of the chief charms of the narrative, and at the same time one of the characteristics which mostly distinguishes it from works of the same kind by Europeans, is its entire simplicity and outspokenness. There is an utter absence of reserve. Lutfullah neither comments on his own feelings and actions, nor uses any reticence with regard to them. He simply states them. In pecuniary matters the effect of this straightforwardness is at times very amusing. In order to understand it, we must remember that family and education—not wealth—constitute the Mohamedan gentleman. This simplicity gives a certain childishness to the character, which is further increased by the ready, generous, and often imprudent sympathy that is constantly displayed, and which stands in strange contrast with a powerful mind and considerable worldly experience and sagacity. Our author is a stanch and strict Mohamedan, but of a philosophical mind, and prone to discuss the merits of other religions,—not, however, without a consciousness of the unrighteousness of such indulgence.

"Previous to my settlement at Khaira I made a trip to Mandavi, to satisfy my curiosity in seeing the sea the first time in my life. On beholding the immense body of water, and its regular ebb and flow, I was struck with astonishment at the unlimited power of the one Supreme Being, before whom the whole of our universe is no more than an atom. Deeply engaged in such meditations, as I stood one evening at the seaside, looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, according to which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism, I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slyly behind me; and, after punishing me for my crime, ran away like a shot. I followed him with my stick for a little



distance to revenge the injury, but in vain; the animal vanished from my sight, and I returned home with very great pain in the leg."

The least injurious phase of fatalism is alone perceptible in Lutfullah's system of life, as indeed must be the case with that of every active and energetic man. The doctrine affords consolation in irremediable evils, but never deters him from action. It seems, indeed, to lie dormant, except in cases of insuperable difficulty or irrecoverable loss. Thus, when he finds himself in the hands of the Bheel marauders, without any means of escape, he reflects as follows: "I do not deserve these severe accusations, for I must submit to the decrees of my fate in the same way as man, wise or fool, whether endowed with the philosophy of Plato or the stupidity of Khozib, whether with the crown of royalty on his head or the wallet of misery over his shoulder." And of his son's death he speaks in the same tone. In observing the workings of a Mahomedan mind, we cannot fail to notice how entirely the religion of the Prophet is in harmony with its natural tendencies. The reference of every thing to one simple and single cause, the immediate connection established between the trifling circumstances of daily life and the great ultimate and inevitable law of fate, are peculiarly suited to Eastern habits of thought. The former have doubtless contributed, in a certain degree, to produce the latter, but this tendency of mind is to be found in Eastern works previous to the teaching of Mohamed. It is perceptible in the daily conversation and reflections of modern Mohamedans. The small and complex events of life always suggest a reference to the simple laws out of which they spring. This tendency to generalize usually finds its expression in proverbs, which are in constant use. The wisdom of a man seems indeed to be measured by the number of proverbs he is in the habit of uttering. Lutfullah tells us of a very wise and holy man whom he knew in his youth, "every other word of whose conversation was a proverb." It would be an object worthy of investigation whether the stationary condition of the Mohamedans, if not their decadence, is the result of their comparative inability to reverse this mental operation, and deduce the particular from the general. Lutfullah does not indulge us in

many proverbs, probably because they are not easy to translate, but he is very fond of what we should call *improving* the occasion by reference to the wisdom of the Omniscient Being or to the folly of man. Thus, when he applies to Mr. Pelly for Government employment, he sees a black serpent lying in ambush on the steps of that gentleman's house. "I told Mr. Pelly that want of content and ambition bring many misfortunes upon worldly men; that, not contented with my present income, my ambition brought me thither to ask his favor to give me a situation in the Government service, and, instead of gaining my object, I had nearly lost my life and the object itself both together." The total want of anxiety, as to the future, very likely the result of fatalism, though our author never expresses himself to that effect, stands in strong contrast to the calculating forethought of the Anglo-Saxon race, with which he and his countrymen have to contend, and at once shows what the inevitable result of each contest between the two races must be. Though a person of ability, and perfectly reliable as to honor and integrity, Lutfullah has remained a poor man all his life. Whenever he amassed a certain amount of money, he contented himself with the thought that it was sufficient to live on for a year, and forthwith retired from work,—not out of idleness, but from a deep conviction that money has no value but as a means of living, and that when it was spent he should be able to earn more. The concluding paragraph of the book is as follows:

"On Monday, the 12th July 1849, again I entered into the marriage contract with Wiláyati Khánúm, the adopted daughter of Najibu 'unissabegam, eldest daughter of the late Nuwab of Surat; and by this lady I am blessed with four children, three girls and one boy. May God bless them all! My domestic cares are now aggravated, my years advanced, and my income inadequate to cover the expenses of a large family. But I resign myself to the will of that Omniscient Being, whose omnipotent power first creates the food and then his creatures destined to live upon it."

Having been so long in the employ of the English, Lutfullah abstains from making any comment upon their Government. Much, therefore, will not be gained from the volume which could be of practical or immediate use in the present juncture of affairs. But we

must not forget that every thing which contributes to give us a right understanding of the character of our Indian subjects is of importance; in this light we consider Lutfullah's autobiography no less valuable than entertaining. It gives, too, a few indications of the character we bear in the eyes of the natives. We fear the two following passages show a decrease in their respect. In 1810, when a boy, he heard many things said against the English, "and only one in their favor,—that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice, they never deviated from the sacred book of Solomon, the son of

David." After his visit to England we have the following verdict: "I may now sum up the character of the English, by saying they are entirely submissive to the law and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation."

The volume is full of passages on an immense variety of subjects, which we should wish to extract. Our inability to do so will, we trust, induce our readers to pursue the book itself.

"TOAST."—"It now," says Fielding, "came to the turn of Mr. Jones, to give a toast, as it is called, who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia." During the greater part of the last century it was, in fact, the custom after dinner for each person to give the name of some absent lady, whose health was then drunk by the company, and ladies whose names were thus treated were called *toasts*. A passage is quoted in Johnson's *Dictionary* (s.v.) from the *Tatler*, as giving the origin of this expression. A lady, it says, being in the Crossbath at Bath, a gentleman dipped a glass in the water and drank her health, when "a gay young fellow, half fuddled, offered to jump in, swearing that though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast." As there are many persons, perhaps, who may not clearly see the meaning of this, it may be as well to explain it.

Our ancestors had a great predilection for setting warm substances afloat in their liquor, such as flap-dragons, roasted crabs, and hot toasts of bread. "A toast and tankard" was a common expression: but the toast was not confined to ale; it claimed its place in wine also, as appears from the following lines of the celebrated Earl of Rochester, quoted by Richardson, s.v.,

"Make it so large, that filled with sack  
Up to the swelling brim,  
Vast toasts on the delicious lake  
Like ships at sea may swim."

A lady's name being then coupled with wine very naturally caused her to be called a *toast*, and there seems to be no necessity for the origin assigned in *The Tatler*.

With the toast was, as Lord Cockburn informs us, associated the *sentiment*, which was also exacted from ladies; and, as I often heard in my early days, was a source of great dismay and perplexity to those of a timid bashful character. When the *toast* went out of use the *sentiment* took its name, and this I can remember myself. At length *toast* came to signify any person or thing that was to be commemorated after dinner, as "The King," "The Land we live in," &c. In this sense the word has

been adopted on the Continent.—*Notes and Queries*.

SCOTT DICTATING "IVANHOE."—Lockhart says that Sir Walter Scott dictated the greater part of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the *Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe* to William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne:

"Good Laidlaw," he adds, "entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story, as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight: 'Gude keep us a'!—the like o' that—eh Sirs! eh Sirs!'"

Mr. Laidlaw used to shake his head at this passage of Lockhart:

"I remember," he said, "being so much interested in a part of *Ivanhoe* relating to Rebecca, the Jewess, that I exclaimed, 'That is fine, Mr. Scott!—get on—get on.' He laughed, and replied: 'Ay, Willie, but recollect I have to make the story.' I have more than once heard Mr. Laidlaw relate this anecdote; adding, that Sir Walter was highly pleased himself with his character of Rebecca, saying, 'I shall make something of my Jewess!'"

SCOTT DICTATING.—For the sake of the *memoirs* (in both senses of the word) of Lockhart and Sir Walter, I beg leave to observe that Laidlaw's "*shake of his head*" does not at all impugn, but in my mind, confirms Lockhart's statement. Laidlaw's own expressions convey the *substance* of the anecdote, but he was probably not much delighted to read in print that Scott had mimicked his homely *Broad Scotch* idiom and manner, and preferred to exhibit to his friends a *Saxon version*. Nothing more natural; and every one conversant with our fellow countrymen of either Ireland or Scotland knows how very difficult it is to persuade them that they have been guilty of any provincialism. Lord Byron relates that Curran used to mimic Grattan's "thanking God," with an accompaniment of the most grotesque action, "that he had no peculiarity of gesture or appearance."—*Notes and Queries*. C.

From The Evening Post.  
FROM THE COUNTRY TO OUR FRIENDS  
IN THE CITY.

O'er New Jersey we are flying  
In the morning's dewy train,  
While like porgies you are frying  
In the city's pan of pain;  
Through the Gap of Kittatinny,  
As we scale the western hills,  
Back upon your world of sin we  
Look, and each glad bosom thrills;

Thrills as doth the hunted fox's,  
When, his safe retreat to gain,  
Which amidst the caverned rocks is,  
Baffled blood-hounds bay in vain—  
Onward, upward, where the tracks in  
Rocks imperishable lie,  
By the dark-hued Lackawaxen  
Hissing, thundering, still we fly.

"Opening coal-beds all remind us  
Of the great earth's wealth sublime,  
Which, departing, we behind us  
Leave to pick-axe and to time."  
Now the hills of Susquehanna  
Heave in grandeur on the eye,  
And the hemlock's dusky banner  
Waves along the narrowed sky.

There's a glorious mountain—look now!  
Blue sky resting on its top—  
Come! shut up that stupid book now,  
Here's the station where we stop.  
Now hand out the traps and baggage—  
Don't forget the rod and reel—  
Careful! Charley, such things flag age  
As you youngsters scarcely feel.

"Broadway stages," "Grand street," "Bleecker,"

With their crush-toes, straw and steam,  
Hold our memories weak and weaker,  
As we drive our good bay team  
Through this green and tranquil valley,  
Sentinel'd by wood crowned heights,  
While each heart-pulse keepeth tally  
Of its ever-new delights.

"13th street" or "22d,"

Wall you when you leave the "bus,"  
But a State's broad realm is reckoned  
Only ample range for us—

Sky-arched, wind-swept, traced by rivers  
Journeying with majestic flow;  
While each bolt of thunder shivers  
Rock-peaks with its feeblest blow!

What, indeed, are "Niblo's Garden,"  
"St. John's Park" or "Union Square?"

Patches! that seem scarce a yard in  
Our grand scope of earth and air.  
Fancy us, when morning puts on  
Its new glow, and sings the lark,  
Trampling with our ox-hide boots on  
Through your Lilliputian "Park."

Crash an elm-tree prostrate lying  
Strews the ground with dead boughs o'er;  
Mash! the fountain crushed and drying,  
Plays its feeble jet no more;

Kling! the gate rail breaks and scatters  
From our rough impinging heel;  
Bling! the fire-bell jars and chatters  
As its stout beams rock and reel.

While your clown leaps in his saw-dust,  
And your hot-breathed minstrel trill;  
On this starlight eve of August  
List we to the whip-poor-will,  
From the copse-wood calling nightly  
With her softly plaintive strain;  
While the gleaming fire-flies brightly  
Light the meadow and the plain.

With the song and with the gleaming  
Memories rise of other years,  
And unconscious eyes are streaming  
With their tributary tears,  
To the loved and long-departed,  
Treading life's dim ways no more;  
Who, with all the gentle-hearted,  
Throng the far celestial shore.

Strikes the clock upon the mantel,  
Rings the bell in yonder town,  
Sleep, whose balm no rhyme word can tell,  
Comes our long day's joy to crown;  
Dreams that take no shade of sorrow  
From the bright hours passed away,  
O'er the promise of to-morrow  
With their golden radiance play.

D. W. C.

THE GARDEN GATE.

THE day was spent, the moon shone bright,  
The village clock struck eight;  
Young Mary hastened, with delight,  
Unto the garden-gate;  
But what was there that made her sad?—  
The gate was there, but not the lad,  
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,  
"Was ever poor girl so sad as I?"

She traced the garden here and there,  
The village clock struck nine;  
Which made poor Mary sigh, and say,  
"You shan't, you shan't be mine!  
You promised to meet at the gate at eight,  
You ne'er shall keep me, nor make me wait,  
For I'll let all such creatures see,  
They ne'er shall make a fool of me!"

She traced the garden here and there,  
The village clock struck ten;  
Young William caught her in his arms,  
No more to part again:  
For he'd been to buy the ring that day,  
And O! he had been a long long way;—  
Then, how could Mary cruel prove,  
To banish the lad she so dearly did love?

Up with the morning sun they rose,  
To church they went away,  
And all the village joyful were,  
Upon their wedding-day:  
Now in a cot, by a river side,  
William and Mary both reside;  
And she blesses the night that she did wait  
For her absent swain at the garden-gate.

From The Athenæum.

*A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847: comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that Period. Vols. III. & IV. (Longman & Co.).*

THE value of this Journal and the place which we imagine it may hold among memoirs for reference in future years were dealt with and dwelt upon when the two former volumes were noticed [*Athen.* No. 1481]. On taking them up again, at the year 1836, we may once again advert to their peculiarity as containing illustrations of the restlessness of Paris during the eighteen years' reign of the Citizen-King. Every anecdote here cited we know, was *rouged* by Carlist contempt,—or else (in the later years, when the Carlists began to retire into a state of cynical inactivity) by Socialist rebellion; but, after the *rouge* has been washed off,—when every needful allowance for *coterie* exaggeration and party spirit has been made,—the thing disclosed looks sufficiently false, dislocated, and hollow to remove any wonderment which bystanders may have felt at its ignoble decomposition, and at the strange essay towards reconstruction which all Europe is now watching with so much personal interest. Almost the first entries of the volume relate to the trial, condemnation, and execution of "*cet intrigant*," as M. de Caux genteelly styled Alibaud,—and to the singular coolness with which he met his fate. In the July of the same year, the death of Carrel in a duel is told; in August, "several robberies and murders which have been lately committed" in Paris,—among others, the death of Mr. Nagle, who was stabbed in the Rue de Varennes,—are commemorated. In the November of that same year it was that we heard two gentlemen, on leaving a dinner party in the Rue de Rivoli, discussing which side of the Place Vendôme was the safest to take on their way up to the Chaussée d'Antin. Lighter notices are devoted to that wonderful picture of English life,—the "Kean" of M. Alexandre Dumas, which came out at the *Variétés* in the autumn, and to the grace of Mlle. Taglioni in "*La Fille du Danube*,"—also, the *no-reception* of the Queen of the French at the Opera. Throughout these volumes are scattered traits and tales concerning "The Duke," the first of which is as follows:—

"Wednesday, 19th.—Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner to-day with a story about C—, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known; he was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington, and according to custom asserting the superiority of his own information on all subjects, having even flatly contradicted the Duke, who had mentioned some incident that took place at the battle of Waterloo. At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion caps for the muskets of the army, when C— again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the Duke, who at last good-humoredly said to him, 'My dear C—, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion caps.'"

In October 1836 the Luxor Obelisk was placed, to the great glorification of the Parisians.—

"Tuesday, 25th.—This morning the Egyptian obelisk was successfully placed on its pedestal, the Royal Family presiding over a crowd so numerous, that a stranger would have conceived that it was some great national festival. It was also rather amusing to hear the exclamations against the English, on the supposition of the envy which we must feel at this surprising national effort. '*Comme ces sacrés Anglais vont tirer la langue; comme ils vont serrer les dents.*' They even went so far as to assert that we had attempted to cut the ropes of the machinery in the night, to mar the success of the undertaking!"

Then, we run off to old London recollections,—to fond memories of the Duke of York, and of the dinners given by Mr. Raikes to him,—and to disparaging mention of the Duke's elder brother, concerning whom one kind and cordial word in print would be a literary curiosity almost as unique as the copy of the book which is struck off on brown paper, to humor the *bibliomania* of a Heber or a Wrangham.—

"George IV. never had any private friends, he selected his confidants from his minions. Macmahon was an Irishman of low birth and obsequious manners; he was a little man, his face red, covered with pimples, always dressed in the blue and buff uniform, with his hat on one side, copying the air of his master, to whom he was a prodigious foil, and ready to execute any commissions, which in those days were somewhat complicated. Bloomfield was a handsome man, and owed his introduction

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at Court to his musical talents; he was a Lieutenant in the Artillery, and by chance quartered with his regiment at Brighton. The Prince, who was always fond of music, then gave frequent concerts at the Pavilion: some one happened to mention that a young officer of Artillery was a proficient on the violoncello; an invitation was sent, the Royal amateur was pleased, the visits became more frequent, a predilection ensued, and the fortune of the young Lieutenant was assured. \*

\* In the latter days of his reign, and before his health had rendered it necessary, he very seldom went out, even in his favorite low phaeton and ponies, at Windsor; his more general habit was to remain in his *robe de chambre* all the morning, and never dress till the hour of dinner. In this *dishabille* he received his ministers, inspected the arrangement of all the curiosities which now adorn the gallery in the Castle, and are standing monuments of his good taste, amused himself with mimicking Jack Radford, the stud groom, who came to receive orders, or lectured Davison, the tailor, on the cut of the last new coat. His dress was an object of the greatest attention to the last: and, incredible as it may appear, I have been told by those about him, and by Bachelor, who, on the death of the Duke of York, entered his service as *valet de chambre*, that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations, would often cost £300 before it met his approbation. This, of course, included the several journeys of the master and his men backwards and forwards to Windsor, as they almost lived on the road."

Apropos of a book published in 1836 or 1837, "Wraxall's Memoirs," we have some notes on Pitt.—

"Among other calumnies they impute to Mr. Pitt a venality, which was not only belied by his disinterested conduct through life, but attested by the poverty in which he died. I have heard many anecdotes of that great man from my father, who, when Governor of the Bank at a very awful crisis of public affairs, 1797, had frequent communications with him both of a public and private nature, and he always expressed his deep conviction of Mr. Pitt's highly disinterested conduct. It is possible that many of those who enjoyed his intimacy may have availed themselves of the information which they derived from him to speculate with advantage in the funds; but so ignorant was the Premier of these circumstances, that he once said to my father, with great *naïveté*, 'So little do public events influence the financial system as I should have expected; that had I been a speculator, with all my means of information I should have been a ruined man.' At that

period I was a boy, and how often have I rode over with my father to Holwood from Free-lands, where we lived, and while he was closeted with the Minister, I was left to wait in the dining-room, which I had full time to explore. The furniture was of the most simple description; I remember a *chaise longue* was drawn near the fire-place, on which he might be supposed to have thrown himself on his arrival from town, when jaded by a long and stormy debate in the House; a few books lay on a hanging shelf within reach, amongst which I recollect a pocket Virgil, marked and dog's-eared in every part of the *Æneid*. It may be recollected that the quotations in his speeches were generally taken from that source. No Minister was ever the subject of so many caricatures, or of so much virulent abuse from the Opposition, as Pitt; even his predilection for a bottle of port, which after his violent exertions in debate was probably necessary to his existence, was imputed to him as an excess. One of the best of these, called 'Uncorking Old Sherry' (alluding to the debate on the Regency Bill, when some remarks from him roused the ire of Sheridan), represents Pitt uncorking a bottle and completely inundated with the effervescent contents, while the bloated countenance and red nose of Sheridan is apparent in the foam. One vulgar paper gave the following character of him in *dog-Latin*:— 'Warcarryonissimus, taxgatherissimus, vinum guzzleando potentissimus, prettygirlibus indifferentissimus, et filius bitchæ damnatissimus.'"

These stories lead to the following remark and reminiscence:

"Notwithstanding the irritation which existed between parties at that period, and the violent speeches were occasionally made in the heat of debate, it is impossible to deny that a spirit of high gentlemanly feeling and conduct existed *then*, which is become much less apparent among their *reformed* descendants. Fox—the political rival of Pitt—was exempted from the failing that promoted the late sittings of the Tory Cabinet dinners of that day, where Lord Bath, Lord Sidmouth, and Dundas were formidable wine-bibbers. But he was the most undaunted and the most unsuccessful gambler at Brookes'. He was often heard to say that the greatest pleasure in life was winning at hazard, and the next approaching to it, was losing at hazard. He frequently sat up at play till a late hour in the morning, then, without going to bed, adjourned to the House of Commons, and spoke with his usual eloquence. As the epigram said, he was often in distress for money:

"In gaming, indeed, he's the stoutest of cocks,

No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.

"If he touches a card—if he rattles a box—  
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

"He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard  
knocks,

That cash is not plenty with this Mr.  
Fox."

In November, the transfer of Prince Louis Bonaparte from his prison at Strasburg to the port of L'Orient, on his way to American exile, is the great event,—a smaller one being the court-question, debated in council, whether mourning should or should not be worn for Charles the Tenth. The negative course was decided on.

"Marshal Lobau publicly said yesterday, 'On ne peut pas commander un deuil général, parceque cela déplairait à la Garde Nationale.' I mentioned this to Count A., who replied, 'C'est une raison comme une autre.'"

A group of reminiscences concerning Watier's Club is worth pointing out for the edification of those who maintain that English society has gained little of later years. Mr. Raikes, after telling stories of Brummell's generosity to Tom Sheridan, and how the *Beau* was *trumped*, when affecting despair over his losses, by being confronted with a real pair of loaded pistols from the pocket of Bob Bligh ("a heavy, fat fellow, as mad as a March hare," who was always trying to horsewhip his first cousin, Lord Darnley), and after declaring that the members of Watier's were all honorable men, winds up with the following emphatic entry:

"The club did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last; it died a natural death in 1819, from the paralyzed state of its members. \* \* To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests the following melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results. \* \* None of the dead reached the average age of man, and those who have survived may always look back to the life at Watier's as the source of their embarrassments."

The last month of the year 1836 was illustrated by the entry into Paris of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland,—so stately and pompous that the people on the Boulevards found it hard to determine whether the new-

comers, with their cavalcade of five carriages and servants, were "the King of the Belgians or the Pope."

On the 20th of December we find this entry:

"We have had five whole months in Paris without a plot or an attempt to assassinate the King, which gives us an unusual appearance of consistency."

On the 27th,—the day of the opening of the Chambers,—Louis-Philippe was fired at by Meunier.

In these, as in former volumes of Mr. Raikes' diary, will be found some additions to the *collectanea* which the biographers of Talleyrand must consult.

"C. Greville dined with him the other day; the conversation turned on the longevity of animals, when some one appealed to the Prince, whether the perroquets were not supposed to arrive at the longest age. His answer was accompanied with a sarcastic glance at one of the guests, 'Je ne me connois pas dans la vie des perroquets, mais j'en ai vu beaucoup qui radotent.'"

Another illustration of the sweets of high station in Paris.

"The other day Lord Anglesey went to the Tuileries, and was received with great attention by Louis-Philippe, who offered to take him to Versailles and show him the Museum, adding, 'You need not be afraid, my lord, my carriage is bullet-proof.'"

The above pleasantry is somewhat grim.

As we go on, we will take a reminiscence or two of home celebrities,—the first, one whose singular story has been revived of late in English recollection—we mean Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Though married privately to George the Fourth, and bearing always the most unsullied reputation, her life during his reign was one continued scene of trial and disappointment. During the commencement of her union, and while the attachment of that fickle Prince still existed, few were the happy hours that she could number even at that period. He was young, impetuous, and boisterous in his character, and very much addicted to the pleasures of the table. It was the fashion in those days to drink very hard, and Mrs. Fitzherbert never retired to rest till her Royal spouse came home. But I have heard the late Duke of York say, that often when she heard the Prince and his drunken companions on the staircase, she would seek a refuge from their presence even under the sofa, when the Prince, finding

the drawing-room deserted, would draw his sword in joke, and, searching about the room, would at last draw forth the trembling victim from her place of concealment. \* \* General Scott was by profession a gambler. He lived by rule to keep his head cool and obtain at least that advantage over his competitors, and made an immense fortune by play. The Duke of York used to tell a story of him, that being once seated at the card-table at Versailles, in presence of the Queen Maria Antoinette, where the stakes were very high, her Majesty took the opportunity of handing round the petition of a poor widow who was in great distress, and appealing to the charity of the players, Scott who wished to act the grand *Seigneur Anglais* before the French Court, and had a large sum in gold before him, cried out in his bad French, 'Voilà pour le veuf,' staked the whole on the impending *coup*, which, having fortunately won, he poured it very pompously into the hat which was carried round to receive the contributions. \* \* A *bon mot* of Pozzo's is cited from London: Lady Holland exulting in the duration of the Whig Government, notwithstanding the late anticipations of their fall, said to him the other night, 'Vous voyez, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, que nous vivons toujours.'—'Oui, Madame,' he replied, 'les petites santés durent quelquefois longtemps.'"

The year 1837 saw the marriage of the amiable and ill-starred Duke of Orleans,—the defects of whose housekeeping appear to have given an ill-natured pleasure to Mr. Raikes and his friends in the *Faubourg*.—

"The numerous servants at the Tuileries look more like a herd of fellows collected and hired for the day, to wear livery on some pressing occasion, than the regular disciplined establishment of a royal household. When Massey Stanley was invited the other day to the *fêtes* given by the Duc d'Orleans at Chantilly, he was asked by the Comptroller of his Royal Highness' household to tell him frankly, while they were sitting together at dinner, whether he observed anything in the service which would not be permitted in England? Stanley replied, 'I can hardly hear what you say; the servants make such a noise behind us that I am really quite deaf.' He answered the question without knowing what was asked."

Then comes a crop of such rumors as stirred Paris in July, 1837, on the accession to the throne of our present sovereign. More to our purpose, however, are some passages from the journal of May, 1838, which explain themselves:

"*Thursday, 17th.*—This day, at four o'clock, Prince Talleyrand died. It would seem that the priest, who arrived on Tuesday morning, was sent for privately by Mdle. Pauline Perigord, the daughter of Madame de Dino, but the dying man would have no communication with him, and refused the consolations of religion. The priest, therefore, took up his post in the ante-room, awaiting a favorable turn in his sentiments. Last night the Duc de Poix and others of his relations represented to the Prince the scandal which would result to the family if he persisted in his resolutions, and that his corpse would be debarred by the clergy from Christian funeral. After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the very last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock this morning for his compliance with their wishes. \* \* The King and Madame Adelaide paid him a visit at half-past eight, when he remarked that three individuals in the room had never been presented, namely, the two physicians and the valet de chambre, whom he formally introduced as a matter of etiquette, thus adhering to worldly forms to the last. \* \* The end of M. de Talleyrand was not only attended with great pain, but the wound in his back, which had spread down his hip, prevented his lying down, or even keeping a reclining posture. He sat on the side of his bed for the last forty-eight hours, leaning forwards, and supported by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. In this attitude he was attended to the last by his family and various friends, while the numerous servants in his hotel gathered in the adjacent room. It was in miniature the scene of the death of the old kings of France. He died in public. The library adjoining the Prince's bedroom, and from which it was only separated by a *portière* or curtain, was constantly filled with servants and dependents. Frequently one of them would draw back the curtain when unobserved, saying to those in attendance, 'Voyons a-t-il signé? Est-il mort?' \* \* The Legitimists say, 'Il est mort en bon gentilhomme.' A lady of the *vieille cour* said last night in my hearing, 'Enfin il est mort en homme qui sait vivre.' And M. de Blancmesnil said, 'Après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finer par rouer le bon Dieu.' \* \* The kitchen of the late M. de Talleyrand was always modelled upon that of the old French *noblesse* before the Revolution. Those who have not been initiated in those esculent mysteries, would be surprised at the expense and luxury which reigned in that department. There were four *chefs*,—the *rotisseur*, the *saucier*, the *pâtissier*, and the *officier*,—this latter superintending the desert, the ices, and the confitures. In all, there were ten men

regularly employed in producing the Prince's dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence of everything nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted every dish, following each mouthful with a sip of wine to humor the palate. The expense of his table was unlimited, his cook had *carte blanche*, and he often remarked, 'Why does he not spend more?'"

We dare say, however, that readers will be chiefly amused by the miscellaneous markings of the Diarist's pen. Here is a collision and evasion perfectly French.—

"Marshal Clausel has addressed the following letter to M. Dupin, President of the Chamber of Deputies:—'Sir,—On arriving in Paris, I read a speech which you addressed to the King in the name of the Chamber of Deputies, on the 1st of January. In the paragraph relating to Africa, I remark this phrase: "And we extend its power even into that country where Rome, already become venal, had the misfortune to send Calpurnius, and to meet with Jugurtha." The different interpretations which have been given to your expression force me to demand an explanation, which I trust you will not refuse to me. I have the honor, &c., MARSHAL CLAUSEL.'—M. Dupin has replied, that his allusion was classical, and not personal,—that he merely introduced the subject to show his convictions of the baneful consequences which would result to France from retaining this fatal legacy of the Restoration."

The following story before a ball is good and characteristic.—

"From the highest class to the lowest the French are a most singular compound of eccentricities; the impulse of the moment carries them away without reflection, and scenes are of constant occurrence in society, which, to the calm, composed temperature of English feeling, would seem near akin to madness. The Marquis de —, eldest son of the Duke, is married to a handsome wife, and both are sincerely attached to each other. No union can be more happy. The other night they dressed for a grand ball, to which they were invited, and at the moment of departure the lady made her appearance in such a bewitching toilette, and looking so divinely beautiful, that the husband was seized with a sudden fit of jealousy, and without any feeling of resentment or ill-will to his wife, but merely to prevent others from the enjoyment of such a sight, he very deliberately tore her gown in pieces from her back. Many Eng-

lish ladies would have sued for a separation. I asked how the young French Marquise bore the disappointment. The answer was, 'She was flattered beyond measure, and proud of this proof of her husband's admiration; and, in fact,' said the narrator, 'il y avoit quelque chose de beau et de sublime dans cet élan de sentiment.' I had so little *poésie* in my nature, that it struck me as very ill bred, rather cruel, and exceedingly selfish."

Here is another startling incident at a ball.

"An event occurred the other day at Port Louis, near L'Orient, which has created much sensation in that neighborhood. A young lady who had been waltzing at a ball suddenly felt the hand of her partner become of an icy coldness; she looked at his features, and beholding a deadly paleness, and the muscles of his countenance dreadfully distorted, she gave a cry and lost her senses. Both the dancers lay prostrate on the ground. Every one ran to their assistance, and by degrees she recovered from her fainting fit, but when they attempted to raise her partner he was a corpse. The young lady remains in a distressing state of mind; she maintains her dancer had ceased to exist for several seconds, and that she had waltzed round the room with a corpse."

Among curiosities we have the following letter, said to have been written by Napoleon to Talma, after the battle of Toulon:

"I have fought like a lion for the Republic. But, my good friend Talma, as my reward I am left to die with hunger. I am at the end of all my resources. That miserable fellow Aubry (then Minister of War) leaves me in the mire when he might do something for me. I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée, or elsewhere, to give me employment. You are happy: your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed upon the boards bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates. But for us soldiers, we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and, after all, we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore do not regret the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever appear again upon mine. I have seen Monvel (a distinguished comedian); he is a true friend. Barras, President of the Directory, makes fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the mean time I am reduced to my last sous. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not refuse them, and promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto; they had



not to depend upon a Minister of War.—  
Adieu. Yours,

“BONAPARTE.”

The demise of a man powerful in his generation, but far less mighty than he thought, the Abbé de Pradt, is here recorded.—

“The Abbé de Pradt has terminated his mortal career; he had lately suffered from a fit of apoplexy, and was thought out of danger, but a fresh attack at ten o'clock yesterday morning carried him off. He had written several political works of little weight, but the best of them, and most entertaining, was his mission to Warsaw under Napoleon, in which he mentions his interview with the Emperor when he arrived in that city after his retreat from the unfortunate campaign in Russia. He says that he was called out of his bed at six o'clock in the morning by an orderly officer, who left strict injunctions that he should repair immediately to the chief hotel in the town on pressing business. On entering the courtyard no object strikes him but a Russian sledge covered with dust, evidently arrived from a long journey. He is ushered into a drawing-room, where he sees Caulaincourt seated at a table writing, and further on a man in a fur pelisse looking out of the window, with his back turned to him. His first impulse is to express his surprise at seeing the General, who, without noticing his salute, points to the individual at the window; the stranger turns round, and he finds himself in the presence of the Emperor. Struck with astonishment, he begins to mutter some expressions of regret at the disasters, which public report had already widely disseminated, when Napoleon stops him in his harangue by a loud laugh, and exclaims, ‘Du sublime au ridicule il n’y a qu’un pas!’—a *mot* which has since been so much cited. He has since written, there was one man who stood between Napoleon and universal dominion, and that man, ‘C’est moi!’”

The latter part of the third volume is devoted to an Italian tour, the journal of which is not worth the trouble of drawing on,—such value as these volumes possess lying obviously in the gossip recorded, and not in the manner of their narrator. The above extracts, then, shall suffice: it being possible that we may devote another notice to the fourth and concluding portion of the book. Enough, in any event, has been drawn from it to enable the reader to form a judgment of its “nature and properties.”

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE fourth volume of these journals, which opens with the year 1840, begins with

notices of the marriage of our Sovereign, and of the memorable Lafarge case. The following entry occurs later in the year, on the 7th of August.—

“Conversation has been engrossed to-day by the appearance of Prince Louis Napoleon in France, who landed near Boulogne with fifty-two followers, English, Italian, and French. He was opposed by the National Guard, and made prisoner, with the Generals Montholon and Parquin who attended him, and the whole of his party. A lieutenant of the forty-second regiment, in garrison, joined the attempt, and is included in the capture. There may have been some foundation unknown for this apparently headlong enterprise. It is certain that in the universal apathy the people in France exhibit with respect to their rulers, the name of Napoleon still retains its *prestige* in the country; and what is singular enough, while there is scarce any importance generally attached to this fact, it is the name that Louis-Philippe fears alone, and his chief anxiety is to keep that family in proscription.”

The reader may possibly remember the tone of certain letters from the family of the Citizen-King, which we cited from the Memoirs of Dr. Véron, bearing out the remark of Mr. Raikes. Such opinions, however, were whispered among a few, not either generally circulated or credited, at the time when the descent on Boulogne was tried. By September the inquietude of the then French Sovereign was pacified, and he had time to be oracular and prophetic on the difficulties and dangers of other countries.—

“Tuesday, 8th Sept.—I called on Montrod this morning: he had seen the King yesterday; he found him in his cabinet very tranquil, and not disposed to go to war. He said that this alliance between England and Russia could not last. His expression was, ‘*Ils se feront d’abord des caresses, puis des égratignures, à la fin ils se mordront.*’ Russia will attack Constantinople, and then the quarrel will begin.”

In October the King of the French was again shot at, and the culprit was taken in hand.

“Sunday, 18th.—Darmez, the regicide, is at the Conciergerie treated with every possible indulgence; nothing that he asks for is refused him; the chancellor and the grand referendary visit him, and the people about him converse with him and are attentive to his wishes. This is called the process of kindness; and if it fails to work upon the culprit, and produces no discovery of his plot

or accomplices, recourse is then had to the process of reduction. He receives little or no nutriment, is frequently bled, never allowed to go to sleep, and his strength thus sapped away by inches; if in this exhausted state he shows no sign, they make a third experiment with excitement. Wine and spirituous liquors are administered *bon gré mal gré*; he is kept in a state of constant intoxication, in hopes that his incoherent replies may give some clue to his secret thoughts."

The last extract might almost have been taken from the last French journals a century older, which we have been studying,—those, we mean, of Barbier. What a strange, gloomy light is thrown on life and authority in the gay town of Paris by the fancy that precedents and receipts for getting at the truth in the case of king-killers may have been hoarded up for reference!

It is observable that so early as 1840 an English journalist moving in Paris could hardly journalize a month without some notice of Russian intrigues, directed against the weakening of the *entente cordiale*, and of Russian officials, male and female, making no secret of their conviction that the Czar "could have Constantinople whenever he liked."

"I have already detailed [writes Mr. Raikes in November, 1840,] the cajoleries commenced with Russia. From thence there are now here the wives of three Ministers,—Nesselrode, Benckendorff, and Tchernitcheff; and the arrival of Queen Christina at Paris has now furnished a fresh opportunity to increase the ramifications of that Machiavelism which is so suited to the genius and inclinations of Louis Philippe. It is believed in certain quarters, that, not discouraged by the rebuffs which he has met with in forming a splendid alliance for his sons in Europe, he is now laboring heart and soul to negotiate a marriage for one of the younger with the little queen Isabella of Spain; and that, among other objects, M. Mounier is commissioned to sound the feelings of the British Government on the subject."

On the 15th of December we find a notice in some detail of that somewhat lifeless ceremony, the return of the ashes of Napoleon the First to Paris. Christmas gave the dowager diarist a matter of more intimate anxiety to jot down,—the appearance of Miss Raikes at the British embassy, with Mr. H. Greville and others in private theatricals. Notwithstanding the ray of light at its close,

however, the year in question must have been on the whole a dismal one, full of anxiety and mistrust.—We make a long leap over the year 1841, in which not much is told worth gleaming. Stopping somewhere about Carnival tide, 1842, for an anecdote from Vienna, communicated by Lord Rokeby, which has an odd, rakish comedy of its own, reminding us of some freak of the Parisian revels which were to cost poor *Marie Antoinette* so dear.—

"Princess Marie \* \* \* walked about the last *redoute* with the little G\*\*\* (one of the English *attachés*), who was more than half drunk, and is *très joli garçon*. She gave him an appointment for the next day at the fashionable milliner's, and preceded him there, and took her place behind the counter. He arrived, was well pleased with the beauty of the unknown, bought some trifles, and went away thinking he had begun an intrigue with a *modiste*. Two days after he went to Princess \*\*\*, and their found his *modiste* in full dress and the extremity of fashion. He was so astonished, he would not believe his eyes, and thought it was some extraordinary and unaccountable dream. Some one reproached her. '*Qu'elle se moquoit de lui*;' she answered. '*Comment savez vous que je n'en moque ?*' I have not heard of the *dénouement*."

While in Vienna with Lord Rokeby we may as well make room for another anecdote of high life in Austria, which is found in a later portion of the volume.

"The Austrian dominions are ruled with great mildness and paternal care; the late Emperor Francis was a great reformer, and always took the side of the people; although in the Hungarian States they are tyrannized by their own nobility, who pay no taxes, and use the lower orders like dogs. As an instance of the Imperial partiality towards the people, take the following fact:—A tailor at Vienna came to the Emperor on one of his public days, and laid a complaint against one of the highest nobility—a Schwartzenburg—that he had ruined the character of his daughter. 'What has he done?' asked the Emperor. 'O,' replied the plaintiff, 'I own he has no acquaintance with her, but every day he rides down the street and kisses his hand to her, which has compromised her reputation very much, and impedes her marriage.' The Emperor sent for the noble gallant, and notwithstanding it was proved that he had never exchanged a word with the girl, ordered him to pay her a compensation of 2,000 florins. He might have resisted,

but as he felt it might make him *mal vu à la cour*, he paid the money."

Turning back to Paris, we alight on events far less gay and more momentous than the above—on the death-blow which struck down the hopes of the Citizen-King of France in the month of July, 1842.

"This morning I was stopped in South Audley Street by Lord Huntley to tell me that news was this moment arrived by the pigeon-carriers, that the Duke of Orleans, had been thrown out of his caraiage, and so badly injured that he died in three hours afterwards. He had gone after the review to see his family, previous to his departure for Plombières; on the road the horses took fright and ran away with the phaeton, near the Barrière de l'Etoile; he jumped out and was killed by the fall. Just as I got into Grosvenor Square, I met the Duke of Wellington on horseback; I stopped to tell him him the news, which he had not heard. He got off his horse, and walked on with me further, talking over the event, and discussing the important results that may arise from it when the King dies. \* \* The Duke of Orleans was no friend to this country; that is, he thought he should gain more popularity in France by siding with Thiers and the war party, rather than by seeking an alliance with the English Government. The Duke said to me, 'I always remember Talleyrand's expression about him, *Le Duc d'Orléans est un prince de l'école normale.*'"

Here are further entries on the subject; how far worthy of credit, or the reverse, we do not pretend to decide.

"The King is in the greatest despair at the late catastrophe. He told an intimate friend lately, that at one time he had much trouble with the late Duke of Orleans, who came from the Lyceum strongly imbued with liberal principles; that he then felt obliged to treat him rather as a king than as a father, but he had completely subdued that tendency, and he had since had every reason to be satisfied with him. It is owing to this, said the King, that my son never knew how much I really loved him. \* \* I hear that — was repeatedly counselled by his friend — to give up his gambling house, but he always refused, saying the King would permit it; and, what no one would have suspected, he spoke true. After the attack had been made by the police, the King sent for him and made him a present to indemnify him for his loss. Thus Louis Philippe does not scruple to encourage a man in breaking the laws, because he is apprehensive that he will publish certain letters which are in his possession.—Tuesday, 26th. The Duc de Gramont

told me this morning that when Louis Philippe was standing at the foot of the Duc d'Orléans' corpse, in the wine-house at Sablonville, while the Queen and all the family were leaning over it and weeping most bitterly, he appeared lost in stupor, and his countenance became quite rigid and fixed; suddenly he looked round, and seeing an orderly officer near, he beckoned him to advance, and whispered in his ear, 'Avez-vous des troupes pour me garder?' The other said, 'Non, Sire?' He then added in a hurried manner, 'Où est donc Pajol? mais faites venir des gardes de suite.' And they instantly sent for troops from Courbevoie."

How absurd does it now seem to read in the very next page such a vaticination as the following, from one who, besides being so ceaseless a gossip, was so persevering an alarmist as Mr. Raikes!

"The late tragical event has naturally produced much anxiety in Europe; but from the little I have already seen, my own apprehensions have greatly subsided as to the results. The nation *en masse* is eminently conservative, because all classes here are, comparatively speaking, in a prosperous state, and are fully sensible of what they might risk by a change. Indeed, England hardly presents as encouraging an aspect. The result of my observation up to the present moment is, that every thing will go on quietly here."

We will close the subject of the death of the Duke of Orleans by another family anecdote.

"Marshal Soult, in a conversation with the Duc de Nemours, rather expostulated with him on his retired habits and reserved manner, saying, that he was now placed in a new position, which would require a very different conduct. His reply was, that up to this time his great object had been *de s'effacer*; that he had loved and respected his brother, and considered him as his *boussole*; but that now he felt the necessity of taking a more prominent part. His grief is so great, that he is become in appearance ten years older."

Whatever history or philosophy may have to say some half-century hence on the capacity or integrity of Louis-Philippe, or concerning the hold that the Orleans dynasty ever really gained on the confidence and affections of the French people, few will deny that never has a deceased King—and rarely have living expectants (not to use the disparaging noun "Pretenders")—been so mercilessly and minutely picked to pieces by memorialists and anecdote-mongers in so short a space of time, and in the midst of

the world in which they are living privately as the King and the Princes of the house of Orleans. Even dethronement and exile submit to the conditions of the electric telegraph, and circulating library press, the railroad, and the glass-house, within the walls of which there is no privacy.

Here is yet another scandal, and all the scandals of Mr. Raikes are tuned in the same Carlist key. He kept dead silence, for better or worse, concerning the Duc de Bordeaux, but he seems as if he could never record too many such charming tales as the following, the date of which is August, 1843.

"Thursday 8th.—I called on Fagel this morning, and we had a long conversation on the state of affairs here, concerning which his convictions agree exactly with all that I have written. His opinion also is that Louis-Philippe is the greatest *fourbe* that ever existed. Fagel has been Dutch Minister here ever since the peace, and has watched his career in public and private life. He mentioned several anecdotes of him: one exemplifies him completely. It was shortly after the days of July, when he had accomplished his wishes, and had become King. One of his Secretaries was loitering in a salon of the Palais Royal, when he suddenly observed the King advancing through the suite of rooms with Dupont de l'Eure, engaged in very serious conversation; wishing to get out of the way, and seeing no means of escape, he posted himself secretly behind the door, which was open, in hopes that the two might pass on without observing him. It so happened that they stopped in the room where he was concealed, so that without meaning it he saw and heard all that passed. Louis-Philippe had his hand on the other's shoulder, and in the most earnest manner was expressing his determination to act in the way most consonant with the ideas of the liberal party; he was lavish of his cordiality and gratitude to Depont himself, and when they parted, shook his hand in the most friendly manner. No sooner had the other turned his back to go out, and before he had quitted the room, than Louis-Philippe began to hold up his finger at him with a face of mockery, and made a movement with his foot as if he could hardly prevent himself from kicking him: a feeling which he afterwards reduced to practice with Lafitte, Lafayette, and all those Liberals who contributed to his advancement. Fagel some time ago met at dinner M. Lagarde, a sharp clever fellow who was employed in the posts and the police during the Empire; as the conversation turned upon the King,

Lagarde observed, 'Ah! pour celui là, c'est un homme à ressources.' After dinner, Fagel privately asked him what he meant by *homme à ressources*: 'Ah,' said he, 'he is one you will never get rid off; if he cannot be King, he will consent to be *consul à vie*; if not that, he will take less; his maxim is to get all he can, but to refuse nothing. He thinks of nothing out his own interests and his own fortune.'

This fourth volume of the journals of Mr. Raikes contains many notices of visits to Walmer Castle and conversations with "the Duke," to whom, we gather, Mr. Raikes was a suitor for some "advancement" in his latter days—on the strength of an old acquaintance. From these pages we shall take some anecdotes, the date being September, 1843.

"I mentioned Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs, and his details of Pitt's struggles for Irish Emancipation, and the causes of his death. The Duke denied that Pitt's death was occasioned by the defeats at Ulm and at Austerlitz. He said that his constitution, originally a weak one, was destroyed by long and previous exertion in the House of Commons, and by deluging his stomach with port wine and water, which he drank to excess, in order to give a false and artificial stimulus to his nervous system."

"I see that the Government was evidently opposed to the Queen's visit to Eu; it was a wily intrigue, managed by Louis-Philippe through the intervention of his daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, during her frequent visits to Windsor with King Leopold, and was hailed by him with extreme joy as the first admission of the King of the barricades within the pale of legitimate sovereigns. The Duke said, 'I was never let into the secret, nor did I believe the reports then in circulation, till at last they sent to consult my opinion as to forming a Regency during the Queen's absence. I immediately referred to precedents as the only proper guide. I told them that George I., George II., (George III. never went abroad), and George IV. had all been obliged to appoint Councils of Regency; that Henry VIII., when he met Francis I. at Ardres, was then master of Calais, as also when he met Charles V. at Gravelines: so that in these instances, Calais being a part of his dominions, he hardly did more than pass his frontier, not much more than going from one county to the next. Upon this I decided that the Queen could not quit this country without an Act of Regency. But she consulted the Crown lawyers, who decided that it was not necessary, as courtiers would do.' I myself did not believe in her going



till two days before she went. Peel persisted afterwards that he told me of it; but I know I never heard it, and it was not a thing to have escaped me if I had."

"*Sunday 24th.*—This morning at breakfast, the Duke was very entertaining, and told several anecdotes. I happened to mention M. de Villèle, who was minister to Louis XVIII. 'Aye,' said he, 'Villèle in early life was a lieutenant in the French navy, and in that situation once received a curious lesson of English coolness. When Admiral Cornwallis was blockading Bangalore, the French frigate on board of which Villèle served, wanted to introduce some supplies, which the Admiral would not permit, saying, that if they persisted in the attempt, he would fire upon them. The French lieutenant, thinking he would not put his threats in execution, made for the port, when Cornwallis immediately put his ship alongside and gave him such a broadside, that he struck his flag at once, and said, "We are your prisoners." "No, not at all," said Cornwallis; "I am not at war with you, and have nothing further to say to you; go about your business." But this they did not choose to understand, and insisted on his taking them 'in tow, as a victor, which he at last complied with, and took them to the nearest French port, when he made them his bow and left them.'"

"He then talked of George IV. and his talent for imitation. He said, when he sent for me to form a new administration in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other; for notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, 'Arthur, the Cabinet is defunct;' and then he began to describe the manner in which the late Ministers had taken leave of him, on giving in their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each individual, so strikingly like, that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter."

"The Duke said in the course of the evening: 'When I went to Oxford as Chancellor, I was very much puzzled when they told me I was to make a Latin speech at the inauguration. Now any speech is difficult, but a Latin one is impossible; so in this dilemma I applied to my physician, as most likely from his prescriptions to know Latin, and he made me a speech, which answered very well. I believe it was a very good speech, but I did not know much of the matter.' Arbuthnot tells me that the Duke is very religious, and thinks much on serious subjects. Some time back he observed him every evening, when they

were alone at Walmer, occupied in reading a book, which seemed to absorb all his attention; he would afterwards remain in a musing attitude, apparently pondering on what he had read. At last he asked him what was the book that seemed to interest him so much—it was 'Habershon on the Prophecies.'"

"*Tuesday, 26th.*—This morning at breakfast the Duke said to me, 'Did you hear what happened at the wedding? meaning that of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Replying in the negative, he continued, 'When we proceeded to the signatures, the King of Hanover was very anxious to sign before Prince Albert, and when the Queen approached the table, he placed himself by her side, watching his opportunity. She knew very well what he was about, and just as the Archbishop was giving her the pen, she suddenly dodged round the table, placed herself next to the Prince, then quickly took the pen from the Archbishop, signed, and gave it to Prince Albert, who also signed next, before it could be prevented. The Queen was also very anxious to give the precedence at Court to King Leopold before the King of Hanover, and she consulted me about it, and how it should be arranged. I told Her Majesty that I supposed it should be settled as we did at the Congress of Vienna. "How was that," said she, "by first arrival?" "No, Ma'am," said I, "alphabetically, and then, you know, B. comes before H." This pleased her very much, and it was done.'"

The next extracts belong to a visit a month later.

"*Monday, 9th.*—This morning at breakfast Arbuthnot gave the account of an extensive gang of swindlers in London, who had been lately detected by the Lord Mayor, and remarked how credulous and gullible the English tradesmen were, in becoming such easy dupes to their plots and rogueries. 'Aye,' said the Duke, 'I remember an old Spaniard, named Escoquez, who had lived much with Talleyrand, used to say, "On parle beaucoup de charlatans, mais il y a beaucoup plus de dupes que d'escrocs dans ce monde." From thence he spoke of Talleyrand, of whom he had formerly seen a great deal. Talleyrand once said to me, "Monsieur le Duc, vous connaissez le monde, pourriez vous m'indiquer un endroit, où un honnête homme pourroit se retirer pour vivre en paix?" I at first thought of Malta; but then I recollected the liberty of the press there, and that would not do; and at last we both seemed to agree that England, after all, might be the best. It is astonishing how all those who have the true conservative feeling at heart look up to England as the only solid

barrier left against the spirit of innovation. In Holland particularly, where there is much good sense, all the right-thinking people are firmly of that opinion; and in fact it is only the rogues, whose object is plunder and anarchy, that wish for our destruction.'

"I told him several anecdotes of Talleyrand and Montrond, to which he listened, and then continued: 'Yes, he was a very agreeable companion, though not a talkative one; he would often remain an hour in company without speaking, and then would come out with an epigram, which you never forgot. I was one day at Madame Crawford's house in Paris, when some one came in and announced the death of Napoleon. It made a sort of sensation in the room, and Madame Crawford exclaimed, "Ah mon Dieu! quel événement!" Talleyrand was sitting in a corner near her, and very quietly replied, "Ce n'est plus événement, c'est une nouvelle." I added another instance. "During the time of the Directory, Talleyrand was dining with a party, with whom was Regnier, who talked much of himself, and said, "Quoiqu'on en dise, je n'ai jamais fait qu'une méchanceté de ma vie." Talleyrand coolly added, "Et quand finira-t-elle?" He then talked about gentlemen, and what constituted the character. He said 'I always recollect that expression which has been attributed to Charles II., that he could make a hundred noblemen, but he had not the power to make a single gentleman. Foreigners hardly know our definition of the term; they are always inquiring "si tel ou tel est gentilhomme," they do not understand what is meant by a real English gentleman.'"

"He began to talk of his campaigns in Portugal, and said:—'I had Junot in my front for a long time with his army. It was, I think, near St. Harem that we came to blows, and I gave him a good beating; he himself was wounded in the head. The next day I sent to inquire after his health, as a *lesson of the old school*, and sent also a present of fruit, which he acknowledged a few days later. I afterwards forwarded to him some intercepted letters from his wife, who was then somewhere in the rear, and of whom it appeared he was extremely jealous, for I recollect they were full of complaints, and asking him what name she should give to a child she was going to produce, but always stipulating that it should begin with an A. She afterwards retired to France, when Junot's army was getting into a worse plight, and I intercepted another letter from her, in which there was this remarkable expression, 'Je me retire chez votre père en Bourgogne, où je dois rester quelque tems; je n'ose pas aller à Paris, car je ne sais pas dans quel sens parler à l'Empereur de votre campagne, qui devient si malheureuse.' I had the attention

to forward him also this letter. I dined with Junot at Cintra, who received me with a vulgar, swaggering manner, trying to imitate Napoleon, which he could not do, and at the same time never losing an opportunity of throwing out some sly insinuation against him. He talked to me a good deal about Lady —, asked me if she was not of a very high family in England; he said she was 'très grande dame, et très bonne femme, mais extrêmement philanthrope.' Amongst the eminent Portuguese who were cruelly treated by the French during this invasion, was the Count Sa. Bandiera; and he gave me dreadful accounts of the brutal excesses committed in his house by the French officers who were quartered upon him, and their continued drunkenness and pillage. Among these officers billeted upon him was the General Loison, who at one time was dangerously ill, and confined to his bed; Junot one morning sent for the unfortunate Bandiera, and asked him how the general was going on; as he could only answer that he was still extremely ill, Junot knitted his brow, and said, 'Tenez, M. Bandiera, je vous conseille de bien prendre soin de lui; prenez bien garde qu'il se retablisce, car si le général vient à mourir dans votre maison, le diable m'emporte si je ne vous enterre pas tout vivant sous lui.' It may be easily supposed with what anxiety the poor Bandiera watched the recovery of General Loison, who fortunately at last was restored to health."

"When we were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, the Duke entered, with the proclamation issued at Dublin Castle, to repress the Repeal Meeting at Clontarf, on the 8th inst., which he had just received from town by express. He seemed very much elated, and putting on his spectacles, read the whole proclamation out loud from beginning to end, laying great stress on the words *tending to overthrow the Constitution of the British Empire as by law established*. I could see that he was much pleased with this exercise of authority and that he thought the Government had been dilatory in not adopting these strong measures at an earlier period. He said, 'We must now show them that we are really in earnest; there must be no paltering or truckling with O'Connell; and as we are well prepared for every emergency, I have no fears for the result. Ten years of misrule in Ireland have rendered our task more difficult, but we must now bring the rascals on their knees; they give us now a fair pretext to put them down, as their late placard invites the mob to assemble in military order, and their horsemen to form in troops. This order probably was not written by O'Connell himself, but by

some eager zealot of his party, who has thus brought the affair to a crisis. Our proclamation is well drawn up, and avails itself of the unguarded opening which O'Connell has given us to set him at defiance.' He then turned to me and said, 'Do you know what the Pope's Nuncio, Gravina, said at Lisbon, at the time of the insurrection?—

Pour la canaille  
Faut la mitraille.'

As he went in to dinner, he repeated the couplet two or three times."

We will leave England's great commander with a sketch of his personal appearance, and his own abridged account of his last great battle.—

"I shall add a few details of the Duke's daily life at Walmer. He always rises at six o'clock, and walks on the platform, then returns to his room to dress, which, as I have said, takes a very long time. He is remarkably neat in his appearance, always wearing a white waistcoat and trowsers, under which is a good guard of fleecy hosiery against the cold; and a blue riding coat in the morning. At ten o'clock he appears at breakfast; he seems to eat heartily, and make messes of rusks and bread in his tea, never meat or eggs. He converses the whole time, then retires, saying, 'Well, we shall dine at seven.' He remains in his room, writing letters and despatches, and making notes, some rather droll and concise, on the different letters to be answered by his secretary in his name; and Greville's hand is become so like to his, that few people can distinguish the difference. Greville showed me one from Fitzroy Somerset, with details about Ireland. His note on the margin was, 'If I am to manage the affairs of Ireland, I had better go there myself.' About two o'clock, he generally gets on his horse, and gallops over the Downs, or, perhaps, to Dover, where he is very active in attending to his business as Warden of the Cinque Ports. He seems to be worshipped all over the country, for he is very charitable and always ready to do good

to his neighbors." In a shop at Dover is to be seen, framed and glazed, a short note, which he once wrote to the owner, ordering fifty yards of flannel; it is kept as a precious relic. On his return he walks again on the platform, till he enters to dress for dinner, at which he also eats with appetite, mixing meat, rice, and vegetables into a mess, which fills his plate; he drinks very little wine, and during the evening, two decanters of iced water are placed by his side, which are generally empty when he goes to bed. When we were only men, he dressed in boots, but when there are ladies (and when only my daughter) always wears shoes, silk stockings, with his star and the garter. He is exceedingly polite to all, and particularly attentive to women; he is *la vieille cour personifiée*. Although still active, yet age has made some havoc with his frame; his hair is quite white, but not scanty; he is very deaf with the left ear, and when left to himself, or engaged in thought, he stoops very much, and his head seems to droop on his breast; but the instant any subject is started that interests him, his eye brightens, his head is raised, he puts his hand to his right ear to catch the sound, and enters into the argument with all the spirit, and judgment, and penetration, which form so striking a part of his character. \* \* A foolish woman in society once asked the Duke to give her an account of the Battle of Waterloo. 'Oh,' replied he, 'it is very easily done. We pummelled them, they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest, so we gained the day.'"

Few coming historians of the events of the past thirty years will be satisfied without turning over the pages of this *olla-podrida*, spiced though it be with a condiment which gives the compound a monotonous and by no means a pleasant flavor. Few lovers of good society will regret, from the impressions of himself, unconsciously revealed by the writer of this journal, that they did not personally know Mr. Raikes.

#### QUOTATION.—

"An angel now, and little less before."

If this Query has not been previously answered (I only saw it last night), I beg to inform Mr. Henry Grainger that the proper quotation is,—

"All angel now, and little less than all,  
While still a pilgrim in this world of ours."

He will find it at the conclusion of Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles." The lady alluded to was Harriett, Duchess of Buccleugh.  
—Notes and Queries.

"JILT" AND "FLIRT."—These words, so dissimilar in meaning, seem to be merely the component parts of one original word, *Jill-flirt*. This I take to have been *Jill-Flee-at* or out. St. Juliana seems to have been rather a favorite, and hence *Gillian*, abbreviated to *Jill*, was so common a name that we have *Jack* and *Jill* as representatives of the sexes. When *Jill* separated from *flirt* the *t* seems to have been appended for uniformity sake.—Notes and Queries.

From the Athenæum.

*Russian Princesses Prisoners in the Caucasus. Recollections of a Frenchwoman, captive to Chamyl—[Les Princesses, &c.]. Collected by Edward Merlieux. (Paris, Sartorius.)*

"THE only governess who had ever been up Monte Rosa" figured the other day in a musical farce. Here, in a railway shilling book, we met with something more real, more portentous, and more piquant,—a live governess, and the only one, we assume, who was ever captured by Chamyl, the romantic Circassian chief, prophet, rebel, and liberator,—a governess, moreover, who has returned from her imprisonment (with other ladies) among the beauties of his *Seraglio*, to tell the tale of her captivity,—a governess, to conclude, who went out from France no governess at all, but who stumbled into her place, and its consequent misfortunes and martyrdoms, by accident. Madame Drancey, it is sated in the preface, set out for Tiflis, "with the view of founding a commercial establishment there." Being disappointed, however, in attaining her object, she was induced to enter the family of the Prince David Tchavtchavadzè as instructress of his elder daughters. This was at the beginning of the year 1854. In the spring the family removed to the Prince's estate at Tsinondale, a carriage journey of two days from Tiflis. Here they were joined by the Princess Varvara Orbéliani, three months before made a widow by the death of her husband in an engagement with the Turks. This lady was accompanied by her young son, her niece, and her servants. The party, enjoying this *villeggiatura*, had not gone from Tiflis, apparently, without being warned, half in jest half in earnest, that their retreat was perilously near the seat of war. Madame Drancey had been counselled by an unknown colonel on the promenade at Tiflis, not to go into the country unprovided with a private poignard of her own for defence, in case the tribes should make a stoop on their dove-cot. But the French lady was of good courage, and believed that the age, if not of abductions in general, for her abduction in particular, was past. The party had not been long at Tsinondale before the Prince David was summoned to undertake the defence of a fortress two days' journey thence. But still there seems to have been no alarm, not even when the sight of burning cornfields in

the distance warned the household of women that the Lesghis were in the plain and coming nearer. Old inhabitants declared that though the Lesghis had been coming from time immemorial they had never got so far as Tsinondale. Accordingly the ladies waited, and not until their tenantry began to run would they begin to pack up their plate and diamonds. They sent out a scout to ascertain whether there was really anything to be apprehended. During the absence of this man—

"A man who pretended to be an Armenian merchant arrived at the mansion, and asked hospitality for the night. He was travelling with money, he said, and, on the point of crossing the country, had been made so uneasy by the reported movements of the Lesghis as to have decided on turning back. The tale was probable enough, but the man's appearance, no doubt, produced a bad impression on the Princess Tchavtchavadzè, for, said she to her servants, 'You must not let this man leave this place on any account. Disarm him, and if he tries to escape, shoot him.' The severity of such an order was suggested by the times, but the Princess added, with her habitual kindness, 'Take care of the man, and let him have supper.' The servants only attended to the last order of the Princess,—their neglect of her first hastened the catastrophe. \* \* Still the Princess Tina (an old aunt) continued repeating 'The Lesghis will never come to Tsinondale.'"

The next morning, in the midst of the too-late packing up, while Madame Drancey was hiding her letters in her stays, and putting into her *sac de nuit* a French grammar and a little pious book,—when the diamonds of the Princesses were safe in the country carriages, and while the old aunt, scared out of her serenity at last, was calling to some one to hide her tea-things in the granary, the Lesghis came. The rout and the terror caused by the entry of the ravishers were as terrible as if the event had not been foreseen. A Tartar, with hideous countenance, pounced on Madame Drancey and dragged her down the granary staircase under a narrow doorway, which bruised her head desperately. At the bottom of the stairs a man in a turban stopped the way, fought with the Tartar for his prize and carried her off. He dragged her—

"into the first court of the *château*, where [she continues] he handed me over to a couple of *noukirs*, who appeared to be entirely at his



disposal. I understood his language no more than he understood mine. He gave me the bridles of two horses to hold, and in return for a motion of reluctance which he saw me make, he showed me a strap of leather with a tolerably expressive gesture. I blushed with shame, but saw that there was nothing to be done but to obey, to be resigned, and to wait."

The Lesghis pillaged the mansion without any apparent notion of the relative value of the treasures they found;—fancying, for instance, that an old glove was a prize as well as a piece of plate, and that pomade and chalk were as eatable as sugar and coffee. They left behind them the two eldest inmates,—one of these the Princess Tina, who had been so secure of their never appearing. The other women were put on horseback on saddles made uninhabitable by coarse nails, each one behind her new master, the children clinging to them, some here and some there,—one child died almost at the outset. The troop amounted to three thousand men, numerous enough to carry off their prize in the face of a rescue attempted by some Georgians,—amid shouts of "*Chamyl aman!*"—across the river Alazan through burning corn-fields. The mansion of Tsinondale was burnt as well as pillaged. Madame Drancey's captor beat her brutally with a strap, tore from her all her trinkets, and seems only to have been brought to some sense or semblance of humanity on becoming aware that she was not altogether a common servant, but a person for whom a gentlewoman's ransom might be paid.—The beginning of the adventure, nevertheless, was the only portion of it in which the Russian princesses and their followers had to complain of personal cruelty; but nothing can be imagined more wretched than the forced march from the country pleasure-house to the spot at which they treated with the chief, by whose minions they had been captured. The son of Chamyl, it may be recollected, had fallen into the hands of the Czar, and not only did the chief insist that he should be restored in exchange for the captive princesses, but also demanded that a handsome sum should be paid by way of their ransom (for the satisfaction, he said, of his people). Till these negotiations could be concluded the ladies were to be held in the closest duress. The party, too, was to be separated. Ere the princesses, however, reached their "bower"

(if thus by courtesy any private nook in which they were imprisoned may be called), they had to run the gauntlet through strange, savage halting-places. A good Mollah was their care-taker and conductor; but his goodness could not mitigate such plagues as dirt, vermin, dismal lodgement, and savage company. Captive Princesses with their trains were rarities in those parts. The most courteous of enemies oftentimes was "put to it" when they had to be boarded and lodged; as the following somewhat rough passage may show.—

"That day's march was long and painful. We had crossed two torrents, and halted for the night in a little hamlet, the blackened huts of which bespoke the greatest poverty of the inhabitants. They made many difficulties over our reception, finding our party too large. At last, they conducted us into an enclosure covered with brambles. We mounted a staircase, hollowed in the trunk of a tree, half-rotted by the rains; and arrived in a barn, opening throughout its whole length on a terrace where bee-hives were. I had already remarked, in other Lesghian villages, that most of these terraces were devoted to the rearing of bees. Bundles of hay were given to us, Indian corn bread, and a little ewe's milk cheese. The noukirs who guarded us were billeted in a neighboring farm-house. The Mollah who had us in charge had received orders to let us rest there for some days. But all idea of rest was a dream. In the night we were tormented by the filthiest of vermin,—in the day we could not creep out on to the terrace without being stung by bees. Further, there was nothing to tempt us abroad, for if by chance we looked towards the village we only saw a few hideous women in rags, whose wretchedness was terrible to see, and whose filth made the gorge rise. On the Friday there was another sight. The men assembled in an open place—they were naked, and danced under a tree without leaves, venting cries in honor of 'Allah,' which resembled the howling of wild beasts rather than human voices."

The old Mollah, who had been nine years a prisoner in Russia, and had learnt the Muscovite language, did his best for his woe-begone and terrified prisoners, and was kind to the children, which humanity Madame Drancey assures us, is generally a Lesghian trait. But greater woe and terror were struck into her heart by the distinguishing attentions paid her on the road by a young Mollah, who went the length of wishing to buy her, and who absolutely offered twelve francs of French

money for her, after he had been told by a malicious Russian woman of the party that she could make shirts and bread, and bring up children. Somehow, by good chance, this affair of barter was averted; and the captives got to Vedena, the head-quarters of Chamyl, unseparated and unpurchased. They were not allowed to penetrate into the precincts of this strict Mussulman without conforming to a custom which, for prisoners in such wild places, and when purchasers were abroad, must have proved re-assuring rather than oppressive. The women were to be covered up. Accordingly, the evening before they arrived at the chief's quarters, the old Mollah fetched a piece of coarse muslin, cut it out as thriftily as possible, and set them going with white sewing-silk and needles to make their own veils! By this time some communication had been established betwixt them and their male relatives. The latter wrote a letter exhorting the Princesses to patience, and promising to do all that could be done in the matter of ransom as speedily as possible.

Such a prize was expected by Chamyl with some impatience. But the procession must have worn a draggle-tailed, dejected aspect; since its entry took place in the midst of a storm of rain, which wet their guards to the skin. Madame Drancey's expectations of what a warrior chieftain's home might resemble were fulfilled by her finding herself before a sort of shed, seven feet high at the utmost, surrounded with palisades, and the picture of a sheep-cote. They had to pass through three courts—by courtesy—ere they reached the apartments in the seraglio, which had been selected for their incarceration. There "we found [says *Madame*] a bright, well-made fire burning. We were in a sort of little cell, the walls of which were covered with a sort of pale natural stucco,—a sort of yellowish mud, worked up with water. A wretched threadbare carpet let us see that the floor was of coarse, badly-joined planks. The apartment might measure about eighteen feet by twelve; as to its height, a man six feet high could not have stood upright in it. Light came in through an opening about the size of a pocket-handkerchief. A bench was carried all round it, on which were placed our bundles, and the dirty carpets they brought us to serve for coverlids."

On their first day, the Princesses were treated as "company" and feasted with

honey, bread, water, and *pilau*; but that was a bill of fare too expensive to be kept up, and the subsequent diet of these captive gentlewomen was anything but princely. On the day after their arrival audience of Chamyl, they obtained the use of a wood-closet in addition to the splendid apartment described as laid out for the lodgment of twenty-three persons.—

"During August and September some Georgian women slept in this damp and dark room, to which there was no chimney. We tried to make it wholesome by making a fire there in the day-time; but we were obliged to give that up because of the smoke, and the poor women crowding in increased our misery of imprisonment and heat,—since, we had very rarely a candle, we were obliged to maintain a fire day and night, to enable the nurses to attend to the children. In the day time, this was made supportable by keeping the great door open; but at night, when we were shut up, and yet durst not let the fire perish, the heat compelled us to go out, at least so often as we could make for ourselves a way without trampling on such of the party as were asleep.—More than once we had hunger to bear as well as this. Very little food was distributed to us, and what food that was!—a vile bread, made with fat, which gave it a taste of tallow. To make this eatable, we were obliged to soak it in hot water, and then to roast it in the ashes. This dried the bread. Then we could take off the crusts, and get the inside down by aid of a little salt. In the summer, we had also Indian corn bread, which was endurable so long as it was fresh. When it was stale there was no digesting it. It affected our gums, too, and we were compelled to give it up. When bread and flour failed, they brought us heads of maize which we roasted;—inferior plums and apricots, half-spoiled ewe-milk cheese, ancient and mouldy enough to turn the stomach,—and salt meat, not without its share of maggots. There was nothing eatable, in short, but the onions, a rather dismal resource."

The presiding spirits of this prison-house are described by Madame Drancey as kindly and conscientious after their kind; and she is eloquent and picturesque in portraiture and in praise of Chamyl and his three wives,—doing full (if French) justice to the loftiness and sincerity of the warrior, and to the womanliness of his helpmates. But this part of her narrative is, possibly, the least trustworthy. The characters, motives, and graces of these persons, whose language she could

only get at by interpretation, and with whose antecedents she could have small acquaintance, are portrayed and elaborated so neatly as to suggest the *cabinet* of a French man of letters in some *cité* in the literary quarter of Paris,—out of which come, as the market calls them, scenes from Algiers, or from Delhi; or from the Dogstar!—all capitally readable—all probable, and better (so far as they are more amusing) than if they were true. But if the details too closely recall to us the hand of some literary artificer, the general impression made on the woman of Paris by hosts so rude, whom she had such reason to hate and to dread, brings with it a certain credit. Even she seems to have been aware that the fanatical Prophet of a set of poor hill-folk,—harassed by incessant warfare with a powerful and opulent nation, could hardly be expected to have time, if he had had money, required to purvey niceties. Even she seems to have taken a kindly and intelligent view of the hearts of the women, kept in subjection, bowed with superstition as they are, and unable, as they seem to have been, to comprehend what people who are in the hands of Destiny need care about vicissitudes and natural affections, and vain longings, and lasting sorrows. We do not rely too much on Madame Drancey's highly-finished portraiture; but a sketch of manners such as the following is worth having:—

"When Chouanété (Madame Chamyl the Second), some weeks after our arrival, brought into the world her little daughter Zaidée, she was, they told us, very ill. We had to pass her door to get to the well. Chouanété's illness was attributed to us, and we were forbidden to go out of the seraglio when it was possible to avoid it. Each of those who went to the well must have a bit of her clothes cut off, and all these little bits must be burnt, in order to neutralize the power of the Evil Eye. Chouanété's illness lasted for a considerable time, and so long as it lasted we were compelled to remain shut up in our own corner.—The health of our own Princess Annette caused us sincere anxiety. At the instance of his wives, Chamyl sent a man to Kasafiourte to buy medicine for her. While the messenger was absent (a two days' journey) they brought to us the wisest of the wise women in the country. These beset with questions the Princess, who would have been only too thankful to be rid of them. The poor invalid was laid on the ground, and they brought a shovel used for baking bread, in which were some bits of flour; these they

shook with great attention over the feet of the Princess. After this one of the women cut up a quantity of resinous wood into matches, made a little bundle of them, and planted it in the hollow centre of a round lump of yellow wax—put the whole thing (not unlike a chess-pawn) into a vessel of water, on which it floated—set fire to the matches, and when they were properly lit, placed the vessel on the chest of the Princess.

\* \* Nor was this all. They made a paste with honey, butter, and some herb, and requested the Princess to swallow it. So soon as their backs were turned it was flung away. On the whole, her youth may have done more for her disorder—fancied to be consumption—than these magical performances.—In due time the man sent to Kasafiourte came back, bringing what the Princess had made him buy for herself and Zaidée (Madame Chamyl the First). For every time that the Princesses sent for anything the wives of Chamyl availed themselves of the messengers to do commissions and to make purchases for them, also,—always offering to give one rouble for the thing which might be worth four. Of course the Princesses refused this, and the commission was thereby converted into a present. Chouanété had the same habit in these matters as Zaidée; but she was so kind to us that I ascribe it more to ignorance than to any other cause."

We have chosen the above as merely one among the many singular pictures with which this record of the Russian ladies' captivity is filled. Regarding other suspense and anxiety, it will suffice to say that many grave matters had to be settled ere the Princesses could be restored to their families, and ere the exchange of prisoners—made a first condition by Chamyl—could be accomplished. As to the ransom, the negotiations concerning "the monies" were conducted after a fashion which the world may consider as generically "Caucasian." The terms of bargain were screwed up with as animated a pressure as if *Isaac of York* or *Shylock* had been one of the contracting parties. Threats were circulated among the poor ladies, especially when post-day was at hand. They were to be separated—sent into worse places—and sold, if Prince David could not "come down" with the money like a nobleman; and this because the money was called loudly for by Chamyl's staff-officers and troops, who were not to be appeased if it was not forthcoming. When, however, Prince David's delays made it clear that his *Pactolus* was

drained dry by Ruin and Caucasian pillage, then rose up Conscience in Chamyl's camp, in the person of the generous Djammal-Eddin, the father of Madame Zaidée-Chamyl. This lady, as the eldest and the sharpest among the three chieftainesses, during the whole time of captivity, had "turned to account" every comfort which had been provided for their solace;—yet it was her father who, seeing that nothing better was to be done, mollified the inflexible Chamyl, who, at last, permitted the ladies to return into the bosoms of their families. Chamyl's son, of course, was to come home,—and great was the joy and ceremony on the part of chief and chieftainesses at the idea of reclaiming so important a member of his family. Whether the Caucasian Prince's delight on the occasion was equally lively may be doubted; if Madame Drancey is a fair witness. After the exchange was acceded to by Russia, it naturally became a matter of first importance to verify the article.—

"Chamyl immediately sent to Kasafourte the men in whom he had the most confidence, and who had known his son when a child. Djammal-Eddin had had his arm broken at Dargo, and must bear still some remaining marks from the small-pox. Besides these unequivocal proofs of his identity, Chamyl would have him asked if he remembered in what manner he had been made prisoner, and what were his father's last words. Six Tartars were charged with this mission. \* \* They were, also, bearers of a letter from the Princesses, who recommended them to Prince Tchavtchavadzè. Zaidée availed herself of the opportunity to send grapes to her son-in-law; but we had by this time got to the close of February, and the grapes, having been badly kept, were in a wretched state. When the six Tartars arrived at Kasafourte, they were taken immediately to the house of Prince Tchavtchavadzè, who was smoking in company with Chamyl's son. At the sight of his father's emissaries, a painful and singular emotion betrayed itself on the face of the young man, but he controlled the expression of it. Djammal-Eddin answered the plenipotentiaries in Russian, for he had forgotten his native language; but, as the Tartars went on talking, he recovered himself sufficiently to understand the conversation, though without being able to take part in it. The re-

doubtable grapes were presented to him, on the part of his mother-in-law. He gave them to a servant with the order to have them washed, which sunk him seriously in the good opinion of Zaidée, and all the women to whom she mentioned the circumstance. In their judgment, it was a piece of contempt; whereas it was merely cleanliness."

How far the cause of Caucasian liberty may be expected in future to thrive under the reign of one who would have his grapes washed, we are, happily, excused from attempting to decide. Indeed, we must leave this amusing narrative, after having added, in a few words, how Chamyl would not let his captives go without making them presents,—how, after having, like a true chevalier, abstained from looking at such fair temptations during their sojourn, he paid them several visits on its last day,—how Zaidée fitted them out with modest mufflers before they left the seraglio at Vedena, and gave them a stirrup cup of tea,—how a splendid charger was sent for Prince Djammal-Eddin, magnificently caparisoned,—how the whole population turned out to watch them depart—how they were driven in jolting carriages towards the trying-place at the fortress of Courintz by a renegade Russian—how they were received there with military honors by the Russian army—and how they were handed over to their kinsfolk with an oration, lauding their high qualities and certifying to the good behavior of both captors and captured. All, in short, was done that the most perfect courtesy could demand. One of the imprisoned party was set free too late,—we allude to our authoress, who was met on her return from captivity by the death of her mother. This followed; if it did not arise from, the agony of uncertainty and distress into which the poor lady had been thrown; a letter from Paris to Madame Drancey having been returned to her family superscribed with the false news that she to whom it was addressed had been massacred! Subsequently, the less terrible truth had reached her relatives; but her mother, we are assured by M. Merlieux, never recovered from the shock caused by the first intelligence.



From The Spectator 8 Aug.

## EUROPE ON ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

INDIA is not only an English, it is a European subject; and the face of the Continental press moves that it is so. "Will England lose India or not?" is a question mooted by friends and foes, with hopes and fears according to their feelings; and from what they say of our prospects, we may judge of their future conduct in the event of any serious loss to our power. As the pendulum swinging in the neighborhood of large mountainous bodies is insensibly inclined, so are nations instinctively drawn towards other nations greater than themselves, or in other words commanding a greater mass of matter. Whatever metaphysical historians may say to the contrary, possession of territory is in itself a source of power, perhaps equal to the influence of wealth. It is all very fine to call Russia a "colossus on feet of earthenware"; yet Russia daily shows that she is terrible in spite or, perhaps, rather because of her "earthenware" pedestal. Political schoolmasters teach the old nursery tale of a little man killing a Goliath, of a little people being stronger in its unity than a great one in its diversity; but if ever this was a truth, it is fast becoming a fiction in our days of steam and electricity, when the power of nations is moved in vast masses and anticipated in the calculations of military arithmetic. Switzerland, able to hurl back Charles the Bold of Burgundy and his iron-bound knights, could not withstand for a day the shoeless soldiers of the French Republic. The Corsican Emperor could conquer the best part of Europe, not in outcannonading, but in outmarching the armies; but even he found the term of his career in the vast territory of Russia. These considerations help to explain the strained attention with which the Continental press looks to the present state of affairs in India. On the Continent, more than in this country, it seems to be felt, and is indeed here and there loudly proclaimed, that Great Britain will lose her European supremacy if she lose India. It is almost amusing to observe the saddened tone of the Continental Liberal press, and its antagonism in the half-suppressed jubilant cries of the Absolutist organs, increasing with every shipload of "bad news from India." All our foreign contemporaries without any exception seem

to take the most lively interest in every thing relating to the revolt. The "disappearance" of the Bengal army, the latest compositions of "our own correspondent," the private letters, and telegraphic despatches, are most minutely reproduced on the somewhat Lilliputian sheets of the different "journaux," "zeitungen," and "gazettes," across the Channel. The papers generally, to whatever party they belong, give the mere facts honestly enough, with here and there the comment of some professor particularly wise in Sanscrit and Indian lore; but it is when we come to the "leading articles," or conclusions upon the facts, that we detect the spirit of the party represented by the journal.

This of course varies according to the political predilection as well as the national sympathy or antipathy; for the formal alliance with the Government of the country publishing the journal does not entirely regulate the feeling. The Emperor of the French, for instance, visits our Queen as a friend; but the press of France, does not talk in friendly fashion. We may describe the tone of some of the most prominent French journals in the words of their own countryman the *Siècle*—

"The great events which threaten at present the English power, have, as was natural, given fresh ardor to the enemies of our English alliance. These writers see perils to Great Britain in Egypt, Persia, India, China, Greece, Canada; and are nigh condemning England to non-existence. It is only, according to them, a question of time."

The *Journal des Débats*—which once had Russian sympathies, if it has them not still—is gradually assuming a tone of more settled hostility towards England. Perhaps the change of ministry in Constantinople may have contributed to a certain rancorous exultation in the journalist, but at all events he is quite ready for the harshest constructions. He assumes that the great if not the chief cause of the revolt in India is hatred of English domination, and he finds a proof of this hatred in the atrocity of the excesses committed by the Sepoys. Frenchmen are always greater at an inference to be drawn from a fact casually presented, than at tracing the fact to its causes; otherwise the French writer might have remembered that the atrocities perpetrated by Sepoys on the British have been preceded by the like atroc-

ities perpetrated by Indians upon each other and even upon themselves. The victims of Thuggee, Sutte, Juggernaut sacrifices, were not British but Hindoos.

The Imperialist *Estafette*, which is almost considered a ministerial paper, goes yet further than the *Journal des Débats*: c. g.

"There is a profound panic in London; for in the worst days of its history England has received no more violent check. In fact, the loss of India would be a deathblow to her commerce and industry; and, once driven out of that country, the former conquerors would find insurmountable obstacles if ever they should think of returning."

"In the first instance, they have cruelly oppressed the Indians, who are now taking their revenge, and who probably will prefer to be exterminated to the last man, rather than to bear again the odious yoke of the foreigner."

"The English have hurt the national feeling, and committed acts of breach of civilization [*dése-civilisation*.] They have to answer now a terrible account: instead of civilizing India, they have exploited it. They only wanted slaves, but they have created Spartacuses."

"Is the British Cabinet," asks the same journal, "going to demand French help against the revolted Indians; and if so, will our Government accede to it? Such is the question which political men ask." The mode in which our French allies discuss the question, however, would not assist in reconciling the English public to such a request if our Government were disposed to make it or to the acceptance of the help if it were proffered.

While the journals of France appear to reckon upon the abandonment of India by England, the Liberal press of Germany energetically expresses an opinion that England is politically and morally bound to curb the rebellious spirit of the Bengalee Sepoys, in order to extend civilization throughout the East. Our own observation now confirms the summary statement of the *Siècle*, that "the papers of Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, and Frankfurt, express strong good wishes for England, in a somewhat doctrinaire fashion, excusable in learned professors, but too detailed to be quoted."

The *Indépendance Belge*—which has sometimes been thought a Russian, sometimes a French organ in the Belgian capital—per-

haps embodies another class of feelings in the form of a narrative. A French adventurer of the name of Girodon returned to France last winter, to see his family and to marry a sweetheart at Nantes. An old soldier of the school of Duplex and Montcalm, a garde-corps of Charles Dix in 1830, he became a voluntary exile, with the intention of fighting the English wherever he could meet them. Ultimately he found his way to Burmah, where, under the name of D'Orgoni, an anagram of his real name, he raised a troublesome enemy for the British; one whose hostility must be counted among the circumstances that contributed to embolden the Sepoys of Bengal.

"During the beginning of last winter, when the marriage of General D'Orgoni took place, he declared loudly and categorically, in all the salons where he had the entrée, in Paris and in Nantes, 'That it was a great mistake to believe the English domination in India settled; that the Native population had an implacable resentment against the Company; that their anger would break out on the first occasion; that a great number of princes, apparently in subjection, would lift up their head one day; that as far as regarded his own person he had only reached his eminent post on account of his personal hatred of all Englishmen, against whom he had declared war without mercy, so that he would not lay his sword down before the last Englishman had been driven from Indian soil, &c.'"

The *Indépendance* truly remarks, that while D'Orgoni was thus expressing himself in Paris, the East India Company seemed to have no idea of the danger which threatened the existence of their Indian empire, and the departments in all the Presidencies and in England were receiving the most satisfactory assurances from the Colonels of regiments.

We conclude our instructive survey with a specimen of Italian feeling—

"The enemies of England," says the Piedmontese *Opinione*, "already rejoice at the insurrection of the East Indies; asserting that if England do not now lose her empire, she will lose it in time not far distant. Wherefore we counsel them to hasten the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez; for if England should lose the Indies, and those regions should remain a prey to their domestic tyrants, the commerce of the Indies will become a fable of the Thousand-and-one Nights."

From The Press 22 Aug.

## INDIA.

IN the letter of the late Sir Charles Napier which was published in the *Times* on Monday last, the public were presented with a few samples of the *beneficent* Government of India during late years. We were there told of porters pressed by thousands to carry a Governor-General's baggage, and then left for above a year and a half unpaid—of cultivators dragged from their fields, along with their carts and bullocks, to convey the baggage and stores of the army, and so taken hundreds of miles, often without any remuneration, till their bullocks died on the road and their carts had fallen to bits—of men detained in this way months and sometimes years from their homes, and then finding on their return their wives in the keeping of the officials who had pressed them—and of organized debaucheries on the part of the governing class calculated to drive the dart deep into the native's soul. There is no one acquainted with what we may call India behind the scenes who will not at once recognize the truth and fidelity of the old hero's tale. We have reason to believe upon the best authority that one Resident turned his Residency into a scene of wholesale juvenile prostitution. We have heard, too, of other high functionaries acting over again the part of *Angelo* with *Isabella*. We could name an Indian civilian who has boasted openly that when either of the parties to a suit before him was a woman, and a pretty one, he always made the sacrifice of her honor the price of his decree. We could point out a district where the feeling of the people on the subject of the misconduct of women is so strong that the discovery of a misbehavior invariably entails death on the erring sister, or daughter, or wife, and as a consequence, the execution afterwards of the husband, father, or brother who has thus wiped out, as he supposes, the family stain. And in that district a regiment composed largely of the lowest caste of men has been openly encouraged by their commanding officer in schemes of systematic seduction and abduction; and he has used language so gross when remonstrated with by the police officers and the magistrates, that it would have insured his expulsion with ignominy from any other service in the world. Yet that man has enjoyed the protection of the Gov-

ernment because he happened to have interest with the Governor; and the regiment has been notorious for its outrages and infamies from that day to this. Indeed, all who have read the "Life of Napier," or studied Indian questions generally, must have long since observed that it is not on the perpetrators of abuses, but on the expositors of them that the East India Directors have always hurled their bolt. Their maxim throughout has been, "Collect for us as much money as possible; and as to the rest do just as you like, only do not trouble us."

Machiavelli tells us that the most absolute despotism may long flourish, provided that the ruling class abstains from violating the rights of property in the vanquished, and from every thing like outrages on the female sex. The East India Directors, however, appear not to value Machiavelli, for their whole system has been one continued breach of the law which he lays down. The extent to which the rights of property have been violated was explained very lucidly in the Conservative Leader's late speech, and the extent to which outrages on women have been tolerated, the accounts of the outbreak in Cabul, the letter of the late Sir Charles Napier, and the tales one hears in Indian society disclose. Nor is it only the poorer class of women that have been the sufferers. At Cabul the ladies seduced were nearly all women of family, and in one of the instances quoted by us the victim of the judge was a woman of considerable social rank. In the case of the Nagpore princesses, also, though their virtue remained untouched, the insults heaped upon them were so dishonoring as to arouse the feelings of the most cold-blooded to vengeance. One of them, we have been informed, was so heart-broken by the treatment received at the hands of our officials that she has since sunk into the grave.

When such has been the nature of the rule to which, as disclosed in its naked deformity, we have subjected the people of India, it is not very surprising that the advisers of Lord Canning should have prevailed upon him to try and stifle all inquiry into the causes of this rebellion by putting a gag upon the Indian press. These causes, however, no one can have the least difficulty in discovering, who has perused the accounts from India that have come from independent sources; and more especially that admirable

picture which was presented in the late petition of the missionaries of Bengal. But, happily, the measures which these shortsighted councillors are taking to stifle all discussion are precisely those which will intensify it in a tenfold degree. Already do we see that the suppression of the right of publication in India is likely to be productive of much more effective appeals to public opinion at home. However much, therefore, we may reprobate the restrictions which have been placed on the loyal European press in India, we can hardly regret them, because they will transfer the controversy from India here. And, after all, the battle of Indian wrongs and Indian remedies must be fought out here, and not at Calcutta; for here alone are to be found the men and the machinery adequate to so vast a reform.

From The Examiner, 29 Aug.

#### OUR INDIAN EMPIRE VALUED.

FOREIGNERS continue to indulge in the belief that we are the rich, great, and powerful nation that we are, because we have some forty colonies and an Indian empire with 180 millions of Indian subjects; but the fact is, as we have before asserted, that we owe our foreign dominions to our greatness, not our greatness to our foreign dominions. Our Indian and colonial empire are simply evidence of the power, enterprise, and ambition that are in us, and beyond all doubt we should, by virtue of our race, our liberty, and our geographical position, have been a great nation if we had never possessed them. France is great with a few colonies, and the few that she has an encumbrance to her; and America is great without any at all. We have some of the elements which constitute greatness in a degree to which neither America or France possess them.

Let us look a little closely at the subject of our colonies and Indian empire. All our tropical colonies have, for the majority of their inhabitants, African negroes, and require a large military and naval force to hold them in subjection. Nature has stamped those regions as unfit for the settlement of our race, as much as for the multiplication of sheep or the culture of the vine. Our exports to them are much less than to the former colonies of Spain or of Portugal, and there is not an article of their produce that we should not get as cheaply and abundantly without

them as with them. They are no field for the training of our armies, but, on the contrary, rather cemeteries for troops. We are, with all this, burthened with the cost of their whole military and naval protection. Their real value is, in fact, reduced to the harbors of convenience or refuge they afford our shipping, and their consequent importance to our naval power.

Our colonies in temperate regions inhabited by our own race are more valuable, or at least less burthensome than our tropical ones. They are properly the offspring of our commercial ambition, in times when monopoly was considered the soul of commerce. This last was the ground on which they were long imagined to be useful to us, but it has long ago been abandoned as false and ruinous. These colonies, including those we have lost, as well as those which we still hold, have afforded a vast and valuable field for emigration, until at length, in the short course of two centuries and a half, there has sprung up a new people as numerous and as enterprising as those of the parent country; doubling, in short, the Anglo-Saxon race. Every one of these colonies has increased in value in proportion as its dependence on the parent state has diminished, and the most useful of them all are those that are wholly independent. Nearly all our emigration is to these colonies, and they take off yearly some quarter of a million of our redundant population. With respect to trade, they take yearly some twenty-five millions of our produce and manufactures, being about a fourth part of what we furnish to the whole world besides, while they furnish us with the two greatest staples of our manufactures, and with gold and silver beyond what we receive from all the rest of the world.

Let us turn from this to the advantages and disadvantages of our enormous Indian empire,—of our million and a quarter of square miles of territory, and our 180 millions of subject nations. India has been called the brightest jewel in the British crown, and as a mere figure of speech we have no objection to the metaphor. No doubt India contributes largely to our fame as a nation. No doubt it is a marvellous tale to tell that in the short period of a century, we should have been able to achieve the conquest of many strange countries six times as populous as our home empire, and at the distance of half the cir-



cumference of the globe from us. No other people ever accomplished so vast an achievement.

But let us look a little more closely at the advantages and disadvantages of our eastern acquisitions, and we shall not discover much to vaunt of. Commerce was originally the sole object of our intercourse with India. By the latest returns, those of 1855, our exports to India, the fruit of two centuries' labor, amounted, in round numbers, to ten millions in value, and this included, not only the trade of our own absolute possessions, but also of countries over which we have no control. The amount is less than one-half our average exports to those American colonies that revolted from us eighty years ago. Our exports to our Australian colonies in 1855 amounted £6,500,000; that is to say, some 700,000 British free colonists consumed British produce and manufactures to an amount within less than a third of the consumption of 180 millions of dependent Indians. It would be useless on this point to add another word.

As a field for emigration, it is almost unnecessary to say that India, being either within the tropics, or far too near them, and already densely peopled with its indigenous inhabitants, affords little scope. But the colonization of India from England, even to the extent to which it was practicable, it was our pernicious policy, of which we are at this moment reaping the bitter fruits, to prohibit or restrain. According to the Parliamentary returns, 10,000 is the entire number of free-born Britons not in the public service, through the whole compass of our Indian dominions, and of this poor number, the result of a century's occupation and sovereignty, all but 300 are confined to the towns in which English law is administered. The entire English population of India, civil, military, and industrial, would be largely estimated at 60,000, which is in the proportion of one Englishman to 3,000 natives. Is it to be wondered at that with so frightful a disproportion between the conquerors and conquered we should have been ill prepared for the murderous rebellion that has come upon us?

Let us next try the value of India by financial results. The Marquis of Dalhousie told us in his now well-remembered minute that he had raised the gross Indian revenue to £30,000,000. By the latest returns, how-

ever, it turns out to be only £27,000,000, or £3,000,000 less than he represented it. Of this again, better than £3,000,000 are contributed, not by our subjects, but by strangers, the Chinese, for instance. Each Indian subject, then, taxed as he is to his utmost power to pay, and sometimes beyond his power, contributes at the average rate of 3s. 6d. a head. The Indians, then, pay with much difficulty about "one-twelfth" part of the taxes which we ourselves pay at home with comparative facility. Notwithstanding clear and undeniable evidence of poverty, we early made up our mind that India overflowed with wealth, seemingly for no better reason than because the poets had said so; nor to this day have we got rid of the pernicious delusion. That delusion was in full force in the year 1793, when the East India Company engaged to pay the nation a sum of £10,000,000 for a twenty years' lease of territory and trade. They paid one twentieth part of that sum, and at the end of their holding, Parliament had to absolve them from the payment of the remaining £9,500,000. In the same year of delusion as to Indian wealth, the Company fixed their establishments on a scale corresponding to the imaginary opulence, and on that scale these establishments continue to the present day, when the poverty of the country is proved, and beyond all question.

But let us look to what India has already cost this country, and what it will inevitably cost it for some years to come. Not contented with the delegated sovereignty of India, and a monopoly of Indian trade, as well as that of all the neighboring nations, the Company insisted that a monopoly of the supply of tea to the people of England was indispensable to enable them to conduct the government. They got it, and reckoning only from 1793 to 1833, when they were deprived of their monopoly, they fleeced the nation of at least a million a year, causing thus a loss to England, through India, of the thumping sum of £40,000,000.

In making our Indian conquest, a territorial debt has been incurred amounting at present, in round numbers, to £50,000,000, and promising quickly to be much larger. To this is to be added a home debt of £17,000,000, with a set off of near £5,000,000 on account of a certain guarantee fund, raising the whole debt for which the Indian revenue is liable to £62,000,000. We have, however,

to add to the liability of the Indian territory a guarantee of five per cent on £30,000,000 of railway stock, which if Indian railway property should be so fortunate as to pay as much as one-half the pledged interest, will raise the whole Indian debt to £77,000,000, bearing an annual interest, in round numbers, of £3,500,000.

We now turn to the Indian revenue. Its net amount, after paying charges of collection, and assignments or liens on it, is by the last returns, £21,000,000, which, with the stubbornness of poverty, refuses to increase. In every year of the last three of the returns, the expenditure exceeded the income by about £2,000,000, adding in this short time £6,000,000 to the debt. When the accounts for the year 1856-57 are rendered, we shall probably have the same normal deficiency, to which will have to be added £1,000,000 for the Persian war,—a war for which India furnished the sole pretext.

For the present year the financial difficulties will be enormously enhanced by the existence of a civil war produced by the conspiracy of a petted and spoiled army. There are, or rather there were, before the insurrection broke out, £12,000,000 of realized money in hard silver rupees in the various treasuries, and of this £2,000,000 are said to have been already plundered by the mutineers. Then, there will be large defalcations in the collections, and a frightful expenditure in suppressing the wide-spread insurrection, and organizing a new army to substitute for the rebellious one that has ceased to exist.

The revenues of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal proper will not, we hope, be perilled by the insurrection, but those of the north-western and adjacent provinces must, for the most part, be lost, and they amount to £7,000,000. Loss of revenue and additional expenditure will assuredly reach a sum which will raise the whole Indian debt to a sum little short of £100,000,000, on which the interest will exceed £4,000,000, absorbing thus one-fourth part of the whole net income, supposing that to undergo no diminution.

Perhaps the sketch which we have now given may assist in disabusing foreigners, and not a few of ourselves, of the erroneous notion that we owe much of our power and wealth to India. It affords a large strategical field for our armies, and a field of enterprise for our upper and middle classes, with more

trade than we should have under native anarchy, but beyond this there is not much to be said with any confidence of its utility or importance to us.

But whether our Indian empire be useful or useless to us, it must be maintained, or if lost for a moment, it must, at whatever cost, be re-conquered. Our honor demands it, and we must fulfil our destiny. Now, for every engagement and every responsibility incurred by the so-called East India Company, the nation is answerable both in law and equity. That company, for now seventy-three long years, has been nothing else than a branch of the executive, and if it has proved, as we have not the least doubt it has, a clumsy, expensive, and inefficient form of administration, the Parliament that created it is alone to blame. The Government has been throughout guilty of what the Scots law calls "vicious intromission," and has thus made the nation responsible for its intermeddling. The existing Government, indeed, to do it justice, is not slow to admit its obligations, for we lately saw the Chancellor of the Exchequer offering a helping hand to the East India Company; and what is strange, the Directors declining it, and professing (a civil war raging all the while over half India, involving plundered treasuries and obstructed collections) that their difficulties are not financial!

From The Examiner 29 Aug.

#### TEMPTATION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THE *Times* has been behaving downright satanically to Lord John Russell, taking him up to a "specular mount," and showing him the peerage and all its advantages, to tempt and wheedle him out of the House of Commons. Never for man or mouse was a trap so variously and luxuriously baited as that which our sly contemporary has set for our noble tribune.—"New opportunities of usefulness," to catch his patriotism; the leadership of the Lords, with "a possible premiership," to fire his ambition; and "an honorable retirement," should he be ingloriously disposed to prefer his ease to his fame or his duty. Many little prudential considerations are set before him also; with as rare a dish of flattery as ever was cooked; for, decidedly the greatest rarity of the season, if not the most delicate, is the flattery of Lord John in the columns of the *Times*. We have to congratulate his lordship upon being restored to

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his "historical celebrity;" he is once more "the time-honored leader of the Whigs;" he has recovered, we are happy to state, "his unrivalled accomplishments and commanding reputation;"—in short, in the words of the song, "Lord John has got his own again," and we have only to hope he may keep it. To do so, let him of all things be on his guard against the silvery tongues that now chaunt his praises for a purpose they have; let him be the more tenacious of his post, the greater the eagerness he observes in cunning quarters to dislodge him from it. Many a public man has been lowered by being raised, and found to his chagrin that promotion was not always increase of dignity or strength.

Dryden's or Chaucer's tale of the cock and the fox is exactly in point, a case of wheedling to hit the *Times*, and unsuccessful wheedling, for Lord John's example and encouragement. Lord John is the cock, the cock of the Commons, the herald of our parliamentary morning; the *Times* is the fox below, oiling his tongue with fair speeches to lure down the popular bird from his perch, to be made a marquis and a meal of. But Reynard had only just now been extremely rude and unkind to Chanticleer, who had in fact only just escaped from his clutches; and the fox accordingly felt, as doubtless the *Times* feels also, the extreme difficulty and delicacy of the task he had undertaken.

"Though I," said he, "did ne'er in thought offend,

How justly may my lord suspect his friend!

Th' appearance is against me, I confess,

Who seemingly have put you in distress.

Descend, so help me Jove, as you shall find

That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind."

"Nay," quoth the cock, "but I beshrew us both,

If I believe a saint upon his oath," &c.

Sir Chanticleer said much more upon the occasion, but the end was that he refused to descend from his place of power and vantage; so Reynard was foiled with all his train of wiles, and the cock owed his safety to his true position, and his wise resolution to keep it.

Supposing it to be time for Lord John to retire from the field where he has performed so many exploits, and achieved so much fame, we must say that some of the reasons given for holding that faith are singular.

"Lord John Russell's elevation to the Peerage could scarcely add to his personal

importance, but it would give him new opportunities of public utility. \* It is time for him to leave the House of Commons. Forty years of activity as a member, the leadership of Ministries and of Oppositions, long experience in all great affairs, and a celebrity which may be called historical, have constituted a position which it becomes difficult to maintain with dignity amid the conflicts of a popular assembly."

This is the first time we have read of difficulties coming of experience, that usually smoothes them, and habitual success embarrassing a statesman in the maintenance of his dignity. If it be easy to any public man to maintain his dignity amid the conflicts of any assembly in the world, it must surely be to one whom forty years of activity have inured to such warfare, who has led Ministries and led Oppositions, to whom the greatest affairs are familiar as his garter, and who has so conducted them, with such ability, and to such issues, as to have made for himself an historical celebrity. But these circumstances are now, we are told, the very things that hamper this poor Lord John of ours. Never was a man so inconvenienced by his own brilliant career. He cannot move for the multitude of his trophies that block up the road. He is advised to retire to the Lords, out of the way of his own triumphs in the Commons.

No less strange is the following more special ground for the transposition recommended:

"If the House of Commons is impatient of an old reputation, the Lords are greatly in want of an experienced leader whose energy is yet unbroken by time. Lord Derby, who unfortunately represents the majority of the House, is a consummate rhetorician; but the absence of serious purpose makes him at the same time rash in debate and timid when it is necessary to form a practical decision."

But Lord Derby is not the leader of the House of Lords; he is only the leader of a party in it, and as long as that party is led by a man without serious purposes, rash in debate, and timid in action, so long at least we may be content with the present strength of the liberal interest in the upper chamber; there can be no excuse for reinforcing it at the expense of the House of Commons.

Lord John may be confident that were he not so important in the place where he is, such wonderful pains would not be taken to

coax him out of it. The Lords may be very badly off without him, and no doubt his "unrivalled talents and commanding reputation" would make a sensible addition to the lustre of that assembly; but we are well satisfied that the lower house would lose more than the upper would gain, and, moreover, that the loss would take place at a time when the public could least afford to incur it.

Whether or not his lordship's transfer to the Peers would improve the prospects of the Jews, we are not very curious to inquire; but with respect to the greater question of Parliamentary Reform, to which the *Times* also alludes, we have a very decided opinion that at least until that is settled, the time will not have arrived for Lord John Russell to accept a coronet, whether to use it as a pillow to rest his head, or employ it as a stepping-stone to the "possible premiership." It is admitted that "age has not so far cooled his aspirations as to reconcile him to abstinence from political struggles." Lord John has still some hot blood in his veins; and as it is by no means certain that our political struggles are over, who knows that we may not yet want a man of his pluck and ambition to lead us? We have him now in the Commons, where alone he could do us that service, and we cannot consent to part with him at present.

From The Examiner, August 29.

#### OUR IRON NERVE.

Over the grave of the Abbé Claude Chappe, inventor of what used to be called the modern system of telegraphing, there was erected a bronze telegraph. It was thought, indeed, that he had perfected a monument *ære perennius*; but the metal stands, while of the Abbé's cunning the last traces disappear. There remains little or no interest in the story of the young priest who, as a schoolboy, with few holidays, invented means of talking with his brothers at another school half a league distant, although still in sight, and afterwards, by help of his cousin Delauney, perfected the invention into a manner of telegraphing which was received with transports of joy by the French Convention four-and-sixty years ago. Its first words spoken in public were of victory—news of a victory of Condé over the Austrians—and back in a few minutes, post-haste in a new fashion, it carried the reply—"The Army of the North has deserved well of its country."

Marches and battles are the events connected with the telegraph throughout its early history. It was the soldier's friend before it was the minister of peace. The first telegraph mentioned anywhere, perhaps, was the fire kindled by the Israelites when marching in the Desert. The Gauls talked to each other by the aid of beacon fires, and spread from tribe to tribe intelligence of Cæsar's movements by the help of light. The Roman soldier spoke to distant eyes by appearances and disappearances of torch-light at a window. On Trajan's column there is a figure of this kind of lighthouse signalling. When light was given up for wooden posts the poetry of telegraphs had to be quoted at a discount. We improved greatly in England on the method of the Abbé Chappe, making good use of some ideas to be found in a book written nine years before Chappe's invention was adopted, Professor Bergstrasser's *Synthematography*.

Professor Bergstrasser's *Synthematography*! Was that to come upon us in the days when the great hills should speak no more with tongues of fire? There is an end now of Professor Bergstrasser. We have superseded the light only with the lightning, and our telegraphs bring us back into sympathy with old heroic days. Again, we feel—acutely at this hour we feel—what Æschylus meant when he caused one of his plays to open with a watchman looking for the fire upon the mountains that should telegraph the fall of Troy to Clytemnestra. She hears of it before a night has covered the event, and replies, when the chorus asks—

"What messenger so swift?

—Vulcan, who sends

The flashing fire from Ida."

For such a flash, akin to that of light when we besieged another Troy in the Crimea, we know with what a mighty expectation we in England waited. Could such a flash but come from Delhi!

The Atlantic Telegraph Company has determined—we think most discreetly—not to repeat until next year its effort to bind with an electric cord the old world to the new. There is an Association of some standing, which has spent the last few years in obtaining, and has obtained, all necessary firmans and authorities for the establishment of an electric telegraph between Europe and India. It is in a position to begin work at once, if it



can find at once the requisite material. The Atlantic cable, hundreds of miles long, is not to be coiled up for many months and pass into a state of hibernation. It can be immediately turned to account. It is wanted at once for the establishment of a submarine telegraph across the Red Sea, which, with some other lines of communication traced already, will, before another autumn has come, reduce to a week the time needed for verbal communication between England and India. There is, indeed, for the accomplishment of this end, one other material required, and that is money. The Indian telegraph will cost three quarters of a million—say a million—and unless supported by a guarantee, may be a bad investment for the capitalist, although to the nation, under circumstances like the present, it might save a million in a week.

That the line will be laid down we do not doubt. That a day is to come when lines of electric telegraph will be laid down between all countries of the globe we do not doubt. There are some philosophers who say that life is electricity; certainly, in one sense, electricity is life. The telegraph wire is the world's iron nerve, and it is destined to be true of the world's life as it is true of the life of animals, that general development rises with every advance towards completeness in the nervous system. When the great nervous centres are connected by their telegraphic lines with every outpost; when the head instantly is cognisant of a pinch in the toe, and, when the will prompts—by a flash down any line it may select—the immediate accomplishment either of delicate or complex movements, or of acts of force, can set the hands to rend an oak or play upon a fiddle, then the living body is a type of what the living world may yet become.

The Atlantic scheme,—in the ultimate success of which we have no doubt whatever, though we shall not be surprised if it en-

counter a few more mishaps at starting,—the Atlantic scheme has been a godsend in the mere conception. About nineteen years ago a man well read in the latest curiosities of science would have had to say that there was an electric telegraph at work somewhere in America which was found to work even across a distance of two or three miles. Eleven years had not elapsed since these telegraphs were first passed under water, in a modest way. One was sunk in Portsmouth Harbor in November 1846, to connect the landing-stairs by Royal Clarence Yard with one of the dockyards. That was the first submarine telegraph laid down by Englishmen. There was also one in America under the Hudson. Then came in September 1851, the link between England and France; a wider stretch was then adventured upon, and in June 1852 Holyhead was joined to Dublin. In the May following sixty-five miles of iron nerve joined Belgium to England. Then courage was taken by success, and larger schemes were found to be not visionary. Finally came the bold offer to join with an electric wire the old world to the new. The scheme was found good in the eyes of the people; the more it was dwelt upon the more it appeared practicable. But when the civilized world had become used to talking of a submarine cable to which we should give an extra five hundred or thousand of miles length as margin, the greater was felt to include the less, and now no little scheme looks terrible. During the last few days ships have gone out on a fresh attempt to put an electric cable to bed in the Mediterranean, ships have gone out also to join Sicily to Malta, and sundry other projects of the kind, all of great magnitude and all in a forward state, have been before the public. There is none among them all so interesting to this country as the plan of making now a way for mind to pass between the waves of the Red Sea.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW."—To what poet does Tennyson allude, when he says:  
" . . . . . This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things? "

The similarity of sentiment in a couplet in *Eloisa to Abelard*—

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget,"  
would lead me to suggest Pope. What say your readers.—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Economist.

## WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?

## SOCIAL PHASES.

EVERY man, even if his recollection go no further back than 1848, must now be sensible that the course of society is very different from our foresight and expectation, and is very little guided by our knowledge of its past course. Then all men were astounded by a great revolution in France, the effects of which extended to almost every part of Europe. For a brief season, this absorbed the attention of those whose business it is, under the great scheme of division of labor, including public writers, to observe and reflect on social questions. But the season, considering the importance of the events, was very brief, and wholly insufficient, even for the actors in those events, and equally insufficient for mere observers, carefully to sound their depths at all points, and fully to comprehend all their causes and their consequences. Numerous doubts still cling to the mind as to the origin of the sudden outbreak in 1848, and many persons still hope again to take up the threads then broken, and weave further revolutions. They are daily at work, and fill many other persons more numerous than themselves, with a dread, from imperfect comprehension, of further great changes. Instead of any individual having mastered the course of society, so as to control or even understand it, there is a practical conviction to the contrary, and an apprehension that, at any moment, it may be hurried into new convulsions. With this possibility we do not concern ourselves; we only refer to the unexpected revolution of 1848 as having roused the attention of Europe to social subjects, but as having fixed it for too short a period on them, to enable even the most attentive observers fully to comprehend them.

Before the excited passions had subsided into calm appreciation, the discoveries of gold, first in California and then in Australia, attracted the attention of mankind to a different quarter and different objects. Revolution was forgotten in the general hope of a real golden age. The fiery spirits of the world sought gratification in the eager pursuit of the precious dust. An impulse was everywhere given to commercial speculation and to the development of industry. Restless revolutionists found new objects of ambition, and social improvements were antici-

pated from other sources than political changes. Instead of constitutions and forms of Government, the probable effects of the gold discoveries on the fortunes of individuals and the policy of States engaged public attention. Writers on bullion and currency took the lead of writers on political reform. But the gold discoveries found us as unprepared to appreciate them as did the revolution of 1848. Wild were the conjectures as to the rate of interest, the rise in prices, the relative value of the precious metals, the necessity of at once substituting a silver for a gold coinage, &c.; and the results hitherto have been very different from all expectations. The best informed have been almost as much deceived as the least. Deeply and calmly as some reflective persons have watched the gold discoveries, which for a short time absorbed the general attention, we are all still very much in the dark as to what they will induce individuals to do and what regulations they will compel States to adopt.

Their effects will, however, be silently developed throughout society, affecting the whole, and must be left to time; but while the prosperity they promoted was in full tide, the nation drifted into the Russian war, and a totally new set of circumstances immediately chained the public mind. All Europe went mentally into Asia. The Black Sea became as familiar to us as the Channel. Places in Turkey never heard of before were our military stations and emporia of trade. New paths to commerce were opened, and many geographical lessons concerning places close at hand given to us all. From a dire necessity which no one could overlook or deny, administrative and military reform were taken up. Great changes not previously thought of, were begun both in our civil and military administration, and the nation was then shown to be as unprepared for the war and its consequences as it was for the revolution of 1848. It had great natural resources; its commercial marine, its vast wealth, gave it great available power, and at a great cost it prosecuted the short war to a peaceful conclusion. That war and its consequences, however, surprised the nation more, and taught it a more severe lesson than all the convulsions of Europe. They generally increased its self-approbation: it brought into light many glaring defects, teaching us that we had till then taken a much too favorable view

of our relative condition and policy. Ever since the peace we have accordingly been strenuously engaged in reforming and improving both our civil and military administration.

But while deeply engaged in this, and before even the principles on which the reforms should proceed are fully agreed on, and therefore before the subject is completely understood, the public mind has become powerfully occupied by the gigantic mutiny in India. No public writer—no public man—can attend to any thing but India. The deep national interests at stake; the national compassion outraged by terrible acts of violence; the national honor wounded; the national power assailed in its most vulnerable point so as to beget alarm even for the national greatness; and the almost unheard-of sufferings of many of our countrymen and countrywomen, have at once carried the whole nation mentally to India. The events there have an intense interest for humanity. Other people, other nations, at once, from political motives or from the ordinary motives of sympathy with every great struggle and every suffering, now look to India. It most unexpectedly excites the curiosity of the world, and absorbs all the attention which can be spared from every-day business. Like the revolution of 1848, it at once attracts and fixes the general mind and compels observation.

It is quite plain, however, that we are as little prepared for the mutiny of India as we were for the revolution of 1848. Sir Charles

Napier may have darkly predicted it, and, in common with "many experienced, civil, and military servants of the Company," have warned us that "mutiny is the greatest danger which threatens India;" but it has taken the nation, and taken the East India Company, and taken the Government, by surprise. It was quite as little expected by our public writers as by our ploughboys; and again, as at the commencement of the Russian war, the nation finds itself very little prepared to meet a great emergency. The immediate line of action, what we are at once compelled to do, is clear and certain; but the statements as to the origin of the mutiny, its course, its probable consequences, and how India is to be maintained if again possession of it in tolerable quietness be assured, are crude to the last degree. For the event we are morally more unprepared than physically, and what we ought to do and what we shall do we have yet to learn. Events must decide for us, and till the battle be fought out, all conjectures as to future policy may be discarded as out of season. All the great events we have hastily referred to and the latest more than all the rest, teach the same lesson. The past is not an index to the immediate future, nor does our knowledge of it prepare us for what is to come. Events indeed are strictly bound together, but we have not yet ascertained, somewhat to our discredit, the connection between those which constitute the life of society.

"MUMPSIMUS" AND "SUMPSIMUS"—Will some compassionate reader of "N. & Q." furnish a reference to the original authority for the story of the old priest who refused to change his old "*Mumpsimus*" for their new "*Sumpsimus*"?

[The story is thus narrated by Camden in his *Remains* (edit. 1674, p. 358.): "King Henry VIII., finding fault with the disagreement of preachers, would often say, 'Some are too stiff in their old *Mumpsimus*, and others too busie and curious in their new *Sumpsimus*;' haply borrowing these phrases from that which Master Pace his secretary, reporteth in his book, *De Fructu Doctrinae*, of an old priest in that age, which always read in his portass [breviary] *Mumpsimus*, *Domine*, for *Sumpsimus*: whereof when he was admonished, he said that

he now had used *Mumpsimus* thirty years, and would not leave his old *Mumpsimus* for their new *Sumpsimus*."]—*Notes and Queries*.

"WOODEN WALLS," WHEN FIRST APPLIED TO ENGLISH SHIPS OF WAR.—Whitelocke, who was sent by Cromwell on a mission to Sweden in 1653-4, having been asked by the queen whether the ships which accompanied him belonged to the government or private individuals, thus answered: "the dominions of the Commonwealth consisting of islands, our chiefest defence is our navy; our best bulwarks are those wooden walls." Did this term, now applied to the English navy throughout the world, originate with Whitelocke, Cromwell's minister? or was it known before his time?

—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Spectator 1 August.

### THE AUSTRO-BELGIAN MARRIAGE.

"HENCEFORTH," said the Burgomaster of the Belgian capital in uniting the Princess Charlotte to the Archduke Maximilian, "a new bond unites us to Austria:" and probably the Burgomaster was right. The situation of Belgium is peculiar. At the Paris Conference steps were taken which greatly derogated from the moral independence of Belgium, and tended to confirm the suspicion which prevails that France has had an eye to a re-absorption of French Flanders—a convenient stride towards the Rhine. If the Duke of Brabant is completely under the dominion of the Jesuits, the fact lends a further doubt to the question, what will become of Belgium after Leopold? The Duke might unmake the dynasty; for though it might have the support of the Catholic peasant majority, it would be intolerable to the Protestant energy and independence of the towns; and he would thus prepare for a union of Catholic Belgium with most Catholic France, whose Emperor is the Pope's Captain of the Guard, and whose foreign Minister treats Belgium so cavalierly. No wonder if King Leopold should seek new props to the throne which he must leave to feebler hands; and should set against the influence that would render Belgium a stepping-stone to the Rhine an influence that would regard Belgium as an outpost to Germany.

It is the more probable, since undoubtedly Belgium has *not* found in another quarter the support on which, by family ties and political sympathy, she ought to have counted. The protocol making that vicious allusion to the Belgian press was signed "Clarendon,"—so little weight had the oral objection of our Minister in his own estimation. It is a remarkable circumstance, that while the representative of our Cabinet assisted at the Conference which indorsed Count Walewski's manifesto against Belgium, almost the highest representative of our Court assisted in fastening the link which more closely unites constitutional Belgium, our neighbor, to arbitrary Austria on the other side of Europe. The incident reminds us how much more closely united are the several courts of Europe than the peoples, or even the political states, of that same Europe. *Royal Belgium*

is closely joined to Imperial Austria; and we find the pervading family of Saxe-Gotha, which unites us by so many links with this royal-imperial connection, assisting in the forging of this new link in the network; the Consort of our Queen promoting that further consolidation which helps to render the royal clan of Europe as independent as possible of national predilections or vicissitudes.

This match draws closer the family union of the Saxe-Coburg family, which supplies three-fourths of the blood of King Albert [or King Edward VII?] and mans the throne of Belgium, with the class that principally occupies the petty thrones of Germany and the higher thrones of Prussia and Austria; and it proportionately tends to consolidate a class whose interests and predominant feelings are certainly not in accordance with their own. The recently-arranged "link" between our own Court and that of Prussia did so in a more direct mode. And there is not the slightest evidence that our present most influential statesmen, who themselves more intimately belong to the diplomatic than the political class, do anything to counterbalance this consolidation and enlargement of the royalist interests on the Continent as opposed to the national interests. It is our belief that "some day" this reactionary progress of that great joint-stock privilege will be effectually checked; but much suffering, possibly a convulsion, will mark the transition. Such great human events may hinge upon the coupling of young men and women, more remarkable by position, probably, than by personal character.

DR. BLOMFIELD, late Bishop of London, has not long survived his resignation of the episcopate. His dangerous illness from an epileptic attack was announced only on Tuesday, and he died on Wednesday, 5 Aug. at Fulham Palace, in the seventy-second year of his age. Dr. Blomfield was born at Bury St. Edmunds, where his father was Master of the Grammar School. He remained under parental instruction until he was eighteen, when he went to Cambridge. There he greatly distinguished himself. In 1810 he was a Fellow of Trinity, and known as the editor of *Æschylus*. Livings were showered upon him—three in a few years. In 1817 Dr. Howley, Bishop of London, appointed

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him examining Chaplain, and gave him the living of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, and the Archdeaconry of Colchester. In 1824 he became Bishop of Chester; and when Dr. Howley was raised to the see of Canterbury, in 1828, Dr. Blomfield became Bishop of London. In this capacity he labored hard to promote the erection of churches and the foundation of schools, and to make provision for the poorer clergy. The extension of bishoprics in the Colonies had his warmest support, and in his time their number was increased from five to thirty-one. In his latter days, the rise of Tractarianism rendered his position a difficult one; and the manner in which he filled it, trying to steer a middle course, had been often commented on in the public prints, sometimes in a bitter spirit. Dr. Blomfield was an effective preacher and a good debater. He was a man of regular and virtuous life, and it is stated that "his

last act of consciousness was an act of prayer."—*Spectator*.

THE well-known French novelist, Eugène Sue died at Annecy in Savoy, on 3 Aug., of disease of the brain. He was born in 1804, the son of one of Napoleon's physicians; his baptismal sponsors were Josephine and Eugène Beauharnais. He served as a medical man both ashore and afloat, and was present at the battle of Navarino. He early took to literature. In 1848 he manifested Democratic and Socialist opinions, and was elected in 1850 a member of the National Assembly. He went into exile after the coup d'état of 1851.—*Spectator*.

MISS ANN COOK has died at Folkstone at the great age of a hundred and four. She had lived under five Sovereigns, from George the Second to Victoria.

TURNING TO THE EAST.—What are the reasons usually adduced for turning towards the East (as many congregations do and particularly I think in villages), at the repetition of our Church Creeds? Many adopt this practice, and know not why.

RUSTICUS.

[The learned Bishop Sparrow, in his *Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer*, 1661, p. 44., has given two reasons for the observance of this ancient practice: 1. The East is the most honorable part of the world, being the region of light, whence the glorious sun arises, which is emblematical of the Sun of Righteousness. 2. As the Jews in their prayers looked towards the mercy-seat; so the Christians turned towards the principal part of the Church, the altar, of which the mercy-seat was but a type. The most curious and learned treatise on this practice will be found in *Gregorii Posithuma: or Certain Learned Tracts*, written by John Gregory, M. A., 4to., 1671, chap. XVIII., who states that "our forefathers lived and died in the belief that the second coming of the Son of Man would be in the East, as shown in the following quotation from *Lib. Festivalis in Dedicatone Ecclesie*: "Let us thinke (so the priest used to say on the Wake-days) that Christ dyed in the Este, that we may be of the nombre that he dyed for. Also let us thinke, that he shall come out of the Este to the doome. Wherefore let us pray heretily to Him and besely, that we may have grace of contrition in our hearts of our misdeeds with shrift and satisfaction, that we may stonde that on the right honde of our Lord Jesu Christ." Consult also Bishop Kay on *Tertullian* p. 402.; and on *Clement of Alexandria*, p. 452.;

Bishop Stillingfleet's *Eccles. Cases*, p. 382.; Stavelon *Churches*, p. 155.; Wheatly on the *Common Prayer*, and "N. & Q." 1st S. VIII. 592.—*Notes and Queries*.

"TO KNOCK UNDER."—

"A common expression which denotes that a man yields or submits. Submission is expressed among good fellows by knocking under the table."—*Johnson*.

"An expression borrowed from the practice of knocking under the table when conquered."—*Imperial Dictionary*.

Neither Richardson nor Webster notice the phrase.

"If therefore, after this, I 'go the way of my Fathers,' I freely waive that haughty epithet 'Magnis tamen excidit ausis,' and instead, knock under table that Satan hath beguiled me to play the fool with myself."—*Asgill* ("translated" *Asgill*), quoted in *Southey's Doctor*, ch. CIXII., p. 452. of the one vol. edit.

Will some one tell me something about this knocking under table? Is it an obsolete, or an existing, custom? What kind of submission, and to whom? and what manner of conquest does it indicate or admit? and how did the fashion, if it were one, arise?—*Notes and Queries*.

FUMADOES.—Among whets for the appetite, Burton (*Anat. Mel.*) mentions *fumadoes*. Am I right in supposing that these were smoked fish? Sausages are there spoken of as *salsages*.—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Athenæum.

*The Countess de Bonneval: History of the Times of Louis the Fourteenth—[La Comtesse de Bonneval, &c].* By Lady Georgiana Fullarton. With an Introduction by P. Douhaire. (Paris, Vaton; London, Barthès & Lowell).

AMONGST the many personages conspicuous during the early part of the eighteenth century, few raised so much contemporary curiosity as Claude Alexandre Count de Bonneval. He appeared endowed with every attribute of popularity and success. St-Simon describes him as well born, with considerable military talents, witty, well read, extravagant, and dissipated. By M. Sainte-Beuve he is celebrated as gay, cordial, amiable, witty, insolent, and *bon enfant*. And with such endowments, his adventures were of that extraordinary nature to which, as to those of Lord Byron, or the Younger Son, every strange, unfathered story is ascribed. In Bonneval's own lifetime fictitious memoirs were founded on this romantic theme. The real events of his history can scarcely be eclipsed by romance.

As a child, Bonneval distinguished himself in the navy, which he had entered at the invitation of his relative Tourville. An affair of honor with a superior officer, the Count de Beaumont, caused him to abandon this profession and to enter the army. This he did in 1698, and at the commencement of the War of Succession in 1701 he purchased the command of a regiment of infantry. M. Sainte-Beuve, in his "Causeries de Lundi," describes him as being born, not only a soldier, but a general,—as having inspiration on the field, plans of campaign in his tent. His qualities attracted the notice and admiration of friend and foe. He stood high in the esteem of Vendôme, his commander, and at the battle of Luzzara his conduct elicited remark from Prince Eugene.

The want of conduct, however, which through life nullified all his great qualities drove Bonneval to the enemy's ranks. Quarrelling with Chamissart, the Minister of War, and reduced to straits for want of means, he concluded in 1706, at Venice, a treaty with Prince Eugene, and entered the service of the Emperor. For this he was hung in effigy at the Place de Grève. In his new service, however, he gradually achieved rank and distinction, till, in 1716, at the bat-

tle of Peterwardein, his personal prowess covered him with glory.

The Society of France hailed with acclamation the paladin achievements of the recreant. Jean-Baptiste Rousseau sang him as the "*Novel Alcide*." The Regent pardoned him. The Parliament received him with honors, and Paris raved about him,—his figure, his height, his martial air, his eloquence and his ready repartee.

His family took this opportunity of marrying him. He was forty-two years of age. The bride chosen for the warrior was Mdlle. Judith-Charlotte de Gontaut, one of twenty-six children of the Duke de Biron, and much her husband's junior. With her he stayed ten days. He started for Vienna, leaving his wife in France. He never returned.

The subsequent career of Bonneval was even more extraordinary. For some time he was high in favor at the Imperial Court; but he was always discontented with good fortune. First quarrelling with the Governor of Brussels, he subsequently extended his anger to Prince Eugene, whom he challenged. He then intrigued with Spain; and finally repairing, in 1729, to the frontier of Bosnia, Bonneval adopted the Mohammedan religion, under the designation of Pasha-Osman.

This was his last adventure. In Turkey he maintained the same gay disposition as in more civilized Europe. In 1747 he was about to attempt his escape to Rome, but death forestalled his intentions on the 23rd of March,—the anniversary, as says his epitaph, of Mohammed's birth.

It has been necessary to introduce this short history of the Pasha-Count to explain the object of Lady Georgiana's work. By the side of the haughty Bonneval there is placed a figure full of resignation and of grace. The ten days of Bonneval's married life, a speck in his long career, had concentrated the existence of his gentle wife. Madame de Bonneval was one of those angelic natures shining with increased lustre from the disorder and license surrounding her. The short period of her married life was the happiest of a sad career. Her heart was engaged by the brilliant adventurer. Little is known of her, but this fact, developed in a few letters, so delicate, so tender, so discreetly worded, as to prove the value of the treasure so ruthlessly abandoned. After her husband's departure she writes constantly. Few letters

are extant, but these in their chronological order show the changing emotions of the writer. First, she is full of love, sorrowful at separation, but hopeful. Then the hope diminishes. Then follows love and resignation. At length Bonneval abjures his faith, and she writes no more. Yes, she sends one more letter. "She was told one day that the Count-Pacha de Bonneval begged her to write but once again. She did so. None but himself has seen the letter. When he died it was not found with the others. Had he burnt it to remove importunate remorse, or had he kept it near his heart to be buried with him? None can say."

The story of the abandoned wife has been undertaken by the Authoress of "Grantley Manor." Attracted by the short sketch of Madame de Bonneval in M. Ste-Beuve's work, Lady Georgina Fullarton endeavored to find materials for a history of the heroine, to unravel the secret of her love for a husband known but for a few days, a stranger to her youth and her womanhood. This proving impossible, she has supplied from her imagination the missing links. In the child-

hood of Judith de Gontaut Lady Georgina has discovered the secret of the wife's affection. A nurse's story of the Count's infancy, the admiration of an old soldier, the contemplation of a picture, invest the adventurer with qualities that excite the imagination and devotion of the young girl. From her earliest days Bonneval is the principal object of her thoughts. As she increases in years she is told that he is to be her husband. The announcement causes no surprise. She has known that he is to play a part in her existence, that she is to love him and to know sorrow. The rest is historical.

The whole work forms one of those touching stories which from their simplicity create a lasting impression. The early education of the authoress has given her a facility in the use of the French language and an acquaintance with French literature of which, on this occasion, she has made good use. Her style and her narratives are equally interesting. We trust that some one may be found to restore the production of an English authoress to the language and literature which, by the laws of nature, claim her allegiance.

ONE of the last of the Tories and *Quarterly* reviewers of the "old rock," whose name has been more frequently than genially brought before the public, has paid the debt of nature since the week came in. We allude to John Wilson Croker, who died, in his seventy-seventh year, on Monday night, after a protracted period of ill health. He was an Irishman, belonging to a good family, who received a liberal education, and who, in his early Dublin days—those when Moore was writing his "Gipsy Prince" and Lady Morgan singing her "Kate Kearney"—made himself famous by a rhymed satire or two after the fashion of Anstey. But more distinguishing than his wit and sharpness of tongue was Mr. Croker's power, from an early age, of making friends with the great and the influential. He owed his Admiralty Secretaryship, we are told, to the favor of the good-natured Duke of York, and (after a fit of juvenile indiscretion on behalf of Roman Catholic Emancipation) was presently, after his instalment in office, considered as having enlisted himself as a staunch "defender of the right divine"—as a blind worshipper of "the Duke"—as a flat denier of the wholeness or possibility of progress—as a close and keen searcher of all the intrigues and mysteries of the French Revolution—and as a controversialist, by whom every Whig man was to be lampooned as untruthful and every Whig woman placarded as immodest. We refer to the contributions in the *Quarterly Review* attributed to Mr. Croker, some of which he owned by the bitter contro-

versies to which they gave occasion. But that he had other strings to his bow—as a literary man, as a journalist, and as a member of high society—the essay on Theodore Hook, also ascribed to his pen, will remind those who are conversant with London life during the past half-century. Briefly, he is spoken of, from his printed utterances, as neither a generous adversary nor a considerate friend—as keen and smart rather than scrupulous or courteous in his criticism—and as absolute, not to say bigoted, in his political philosophies. His principal literary labors were the editorship of Boswell's "Johnson" and of the "Hervey Memoirs." His long-talked-of edition of Pope, we fancy, is not forthcoming.—*Athenæum*.

QUOTATION WANTED.—Can any of the readers of "N. & Q." say where the following lines are to be found? I have heard them quoted, but by one very old person who has been dead nearly a quarter of a century. They struck me much at the time, and I have never forgotten them:

"War begets poverty; poverty, peace;  
Peace doth make riches flow (fate ne'er doth  
cease);  
Riches bring pride; and pride is war's  
ground;  
War begets poverty,—and so the world goes  
round."

—Notes and Queries.

From The Press.

Poems. By Edward Wilberforce and Edmund Forster Blanchard. London: Longmans.

THESE poems possess just that degree of merit which render the future reputation of the writers uncertain. We could not say that two new poets had suddenly burst upon the world, neither could we deny that these verses contain germs of excellence which may possibly bear fruit hereafter. Both—to use the phraseology of a well-known London tavern in regard to its wines—belong to the genus “light and elegant;” and there is a tone of airiness throughout them which prevents weariness, if it does not cause delight. They are clever and interesting; indicate some thought upon human life, and considerable observation of nature. We subjoin an extract from each:—

**BOAT SERENADE.** (By Mr. Wilberforce.)

Lazily dip our quiet oars  
As we steal away from the silent shores  
That erst have rung with the notes of glee,  
And re-echoed our heart-felt revelry.

Slumbers the wave, but wherever the blade  
Reluctant a lingering plunge has made,  
Its path is with flashes of pearl-foam dight,  
And the sleeping billow springs into light.

E'en thus from the slumbering Past, of thee  
Arises a gleam of memory;  
And the meanest sights have power to bring  
Thy form to my nightly imagining.

Sittest thou now—'tis the hour of love—  
On the rock-worked couch in the orange  
grove,  
Where from shrub to shrub, with their tiny  
light,

The fire-flies flit through the perfumed night?

O then, when drifts the moon's pale beam  
Through trellised boughs on yon babbling  
stream,

And calmly white the effulgence rests  
On the black rough stones, midst the flashing  
crests.

Think but of me, as away we glide  
And skim the green sea's quiet tide,  
And swiftly dip our sparkling oars  
As we dart from the shade of the silent shores.

**AT FIRST SIGHT.** (By Mr. Blanchard.)

“So old a story, and tell it no better?”

BROWNING, *Pippa passes.*

No shadow in the sunshine,  
No ripple on the rill;  
No wind, to waft from Heaven  
The lark's ecstatic trill;  
No violet by the brook-side  
Suggests a violet eye;

No dappled foxglove peaeth  
A fairy lullaby.

The daisy bows in worship,  
Its humble, trusting head  
Beneath my feet; then startles  
From my retreating tread.  
The crisp, impatient crocus,  
With yellow, bird-like bill,  
I crush till it resembles  
The yellow daffodil.

Such, yesterday, my humor—  
My unobservant mind;  
No unawakened heart hears  
The music of the wind.  
I saw not that these flowers  
Were emblems of the fates—  
Of yielding, striving lovers,  
With striving, yielding mates.

Unconscious of the violet,  
Thine eyes from me concealed,—  
No sentiment in snowdrops,  
Thy graces unrevealed.  
In ignorance most moonlike  
Of all that passion tells,  
I knew not that the foxglove  
Could murmur marriage-bells.

But having gazed upon thee,  
I see all kindred grace;  
In flowers' translucent beauties  
Reflected is thy face;  
The lark's song falls upon me  
In trembles from above,  
A clear voice with which mingles  
The deep tones of thy love.

**UNOPENED BUDS.**

A shape of beauty beyond man's device,  
Which held a precious life with us begun,  
Light feet at rest, like streamlets chain'd with  
ice,  
And folded hands whose little work is done,  
Make this poor hamlet sacred to our grief:  
Pass'd is the soul, which was of nobler worth,  
Like fire from glowworm, tint from wither'd  
leaf,  
Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from  
the earth.

Star, faded from our sky elsewhere to shine,  
Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;  
Little white hand a few times clasp'd in mine,  
Sweet face, whose light is now return'd to  
heaven.

With empty arms, I linger where thou liest,  
And pluck half-open'd flowers as types of thee,  
And think that angels, amid joys the highest,  
Are happier for thy love, which still they  
share with me.—*Household Words.*